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THE FAILURE IN NORWAY

HITLER does not seem to have "missed the bus" in Norway. He has celebrated what he takes to be his decisive victory in this campaign by decorating General von Falkenhorst and congratulating his troops. Though the news as yet lacks confirmation from the meagre and belated communiqués of the Allied High Command, and is even contradicted, it is hardly possible to doubt that the Germans have secured their main objective. They have forced their way from Oslo up the Oester Valley via Stoeren, and made contact with their troops in Trondheim, who can now be reinforced and supplied by land. The effect of this masterly performance may well be to render the position of the Allied forces in the Gudbrand Valley untenable. They had withdrawn to the junction at Dombaas, but there they are exposed both to frontal attack and to an outflanking movement down the railway from Stoeren and Opdal on their left. During these operations, which have secured for the Germans the main lines of communication in the interior, at least two fresh landings have been carried out by Allied troops, which include French, Czech and Polish units, in fjords that lie north and south of Aandalsnes. Are these reinforcements numerous enough to offer a serious challenge to the German occupation of the whole interior? Has the problem of improvising bases for our fighter planes been solved on a sufficient scale to give them a hope of combating the Germans in the air on equal terms? We fear that the problem is now rather to withdraw our forces to the coast in good order. We cannot yet measure the extent of this reverse, but the more probable interpretation points to an early abandonment of the attempt to recover central Norway. Whether the Allies can still hold a few points on the coast that lack all the facilities of ports, we cannot yet guess. Even at Narvik the position is obscure, for the Germans have now, it seems, fortified themselves on the shore, possess an aerodrome and are extending northwards.

When with wholly inadequate information, we try to review the history of this Norwegian campaign, our first question is why the early naval operations that resulted at small cost to ourselves in such heavy losses to the German fleet, had no decisive result? The Germans seem to have retained command of the Skagerrak and the southern coast. Even to the Western ports, though our submarines sank some of their ships, they still risked the dispatch of supplies by sea. Is the moral, as the Germans seem to believe, that air-power is more nearly a match for sea-power than we like to admit? Certainly the air has played the decisive part in this campaign. Is the key to this tragic story in part political? One school of military thought seems from the beginning to have argued that we should secure substantial gains for ourselves if we stopped the export of iron-ore from Narvik and enlisted the Norwegian merchant marine in our service. Those who put this strategic consideration first would naturally be less willing to risk ships and men in a dangerous effort to recapture southern Norway, than others who are principally concerned with the political repercussions of failing to liberate the Norwegians from the Nazis. Clearly the issues are highly technical; but in all such decisions political and technical arguments are apt to be inextricably blended.

The compromise between strategy and politics actually adopted has been doubly disastrous. To undertake to save one more small nation and to fail to do so must have a catastrophic effect on the Swedes, the Dutch, Rumanians and Jugoslavs, not to mention the Americans. It may also tip the balance in the Mediterranean where Mussolini is said to have made up his mind. He may act on the conclusion that in spite of the balance of losses in our favour, we suffered a strategical defeat at sea. Fascist orators and editors have this week multiplied their warnings that the hour for active belligerency is about to strike. The objective, as we had guessed, would seem to be Dalmatia. Rome, too, is hinting that when Italy acts, Spain also will abandon her neutrality. On the other hand, Signor Gayda is arguing that it might suit Italy better to wait another six months. The British Government has taken the significant precaution of diverting our

eastward traffic from the Mediterranean to the Cape route. Has the Prime Minister ceased, then, to rely on his Gentleman's Agreement with the Duce?

The effect of this Norwegian reverse on public opinion at home will be felt only when its gravity can be accurately measured. The first stinging and militant commentary has come from Sir Archibald Sinclair, but there is a general sense that the Government has proved itself completely incompetent. Why did the secret service fail to discover the widespread conspiracy in Norway? Did it fail to guess the destination of Hitler's expeditionary force? Or was it just that the Nazis completely outclassed the Allies in decision and timing? Many other general and technical questions must inevitably be asked. The House of Commons is not so divorced from the public that it can for ever fail to realise the profound disquiet in the country. The relevant questions must be pressed, even if unpleasant exposures follow. If the questions are not fully answered on the floor of the House they may provoke a demand for a Committee of Inquiry.

The Position of Yugoslavia

Yugoslavia, which may well be the next victim of aggression is, unlike the other members of the Balkan Entente, guaranteed by no great Power. Her partners in the Entente can offer her some protection against Bulgarian revisionist claims, but not against Germany and Italy by whom she may soon be attacked. If Hitler marches, Mussolini will certainly march, too, in order to demand his share and to prevent Germany from gaining a foothold on the Adriatic. Yugoslavia has three lines of defence. The first, still under construction, is designed to defend Slovenia which forms a wedge between German Austria and Italy. Since Germany would send motorised columns through Hungary, a second line is being constructed in the hills south of Zagreb, but the most determined resistance will be offered on a third line at the foot of the Bosnian mountains, where the Serbs will fight on familiar ground. Yugoslavia can mobilise a million and a half men, a formidable army if it were better equipped. The spirit is generally good, but there were some disorders in some Croat regiments at the last manoeuvres. The High Command, composed chiefly of Serbs, seems determined to fight; it knows that its power would finish if it surrendered to Germany and Italy. Nor does the Government of M. Tsvetkovich show signs of surrender. Indeed, they have burnt their boats by arresting M. Stoyadinovich, who has been regarded as a traitor to the Serb tradition ever since he ordered his police to use their batons against bearded Archimandrites demonstrating against the treaty he tried to negotiate with the Vatican.

The Fifth Column in Yugoslavia is recruited from various camps. The German minority, 750,000 strong and organised on Sudeten lines, lives for the most part in Slovenia on the Austrian border and in the Voivodina province. There are also the Croat Nazis, whose "Führer" dins into the ears of small-town intellectuals that Croats are descendants of the Nordic Austro-Goths, a superior race to the Slav-Serbs. His followers occasionally blow up telephone booths and get sentences of six weeks' imprisonment. Next there is the violently anti-Serb Frankist party which demands full independence for a greater Croatia and favours federation with Austria and possibly Hungary. Its activity, especially among the students of Zagreb, hampers the work of Dr. Machek, the democratic leader of the Croats, who after months of negotiation has worked out a compromise with the Serbs, which, however, does not cover the crucial problems of finance and industry. But the most dangerous battalion of the Fifth Column are M. Stoyadinovich's Serb supporters in the Civil Service and Police and their friends in business and industry. Ready to do anything, provided they run no personal risks, they know that only under a German Protectorate will they regain supremacy. M. Tsvetkovich's main task will be to clear these traitors out—already he has removed them from the department of Foreign Trade—and to increase trade with free currency countries, for greater Germany takes 42.3 per cent. of the country's exports and supplies 51.1 per cent. of its imports, whereas Britain takes 7 per cent. and supplies 5.7 per cent. respectively. The Nazis are exploiting their advantage by their usual methods of internal aggression. Small traders, shopkeepers and manufacturers all over the country, who depend for their livelihood on trade with German firms, are compelled to distribute German propaganda to their customers. Such is the pressure that Jewish business men distribute anti-Semitic literature, and Zagreb traders, who wish to inquire about the status of business colleagues, are advised to visit the Gestapo in Vienna. Faced with this danger, M. Tsvetkovich has sent a delegation to Moscow with a view to resuming relations with Russia, after an interval of twenty-three years.

The U.S.S.R. Trade Talks

The Soviet Government, as we anticipated last week, strongly objects to the British question about the exports of their own goods to Germany. It draws a reasonable distinction between Britain's interest in stopping materials being imported by Russia for transit to Germany, and British inquiries about their own exports to Germany. It appears from Mr. Cross's statement that there has been a significant increase in the import of minerals at Vladivostock since the war began, but an assurance now comes from the United States that this leakage in the blockade is drying up. As for the inquiry about Russia's direct imports to Germany about which the U.S.S.R. is so suspicious, this seems to have been no more than a routine question, addressed to all neutrals with whom Britain enters into trade relations during the war. If Stalin thinks that it is the sort of question that Britain only directs to small or colonial peoples he should read the letters of Walter Page, the United States Ambassador to London in the last war, where he will find that similar inquiries were at that time the subject of serious controversy between the United States and Great Britain. On this occasion, however, since Britain's sea power cannot in any case interfere with Russia's trade with Germany, it would have been more sensible to say nothing about it. Stalin has had good reason to fear invasion by capitalist Powers in the past and his suspicions of Mr. Chamberlain have not diminished. At the moment, however, Hitler looks stronger than the Western democracies; therefore he is willing to strengthen our hand and lessen his help to Hitler. It would seem sensible to buy from Russia timber and other things which we urgently need, and, above all, the surplus of Soviet oil which might otherwise go to Germany.

A Miserable Bill

The Government's Workmen's Compensation Bill came up for discussion in the House of Commons on Tuesday, and was read a second time by 175 votes to 135, after it had been heavily attacked from the Government as well as the Opposition benches. It is, indeed, a wretched measure, fundamentally wrong in principle as well as pitiably inadequate in what it proposes to do. It is wrong in principle to attach a means test to workmen's compensation, and wrong, even if such a test were accepted, to confine dependants' allowances to wives and children, ignoring other dependants. The general maximum rate for weekly payments, fixed in 1923, is at 30*s.* much too low, and the only satisfactory change in the law would be either raising the maximum or better removing it altogether, and substituting some such system as the Labour Party proposes—75 per cent. of normal earnings, with a minimum of £3, or full wages, whatever is the less. As for family allowances, there is a strong case for them, but none at all for hitching them on to workmen's compensation under yet another Means Test of an objectionable type. It was Sir Arnold Wilson on the Government side of the House who declared in the debate that if employers and Trade Unions had been left to work out a scheme for themselves, they would have agreed on something a great deal better than Sir John Anderson's wretched little Bill.

Women's War Wages

Negotiations are now in progress in a number of industries about the wages to be paid to women who replace men for the duration of the war. Last week the Transport and General Workers' Union scored a substantial point when the Industrial Court conceded that women employed as bus or tram conductors should be paid the men's rates on reaching the age of 21. For those under 21 the wage is to be 90 per cent. of the men's rate, and for both groups there is to be a learning period of six months during which 90 per cent. of the men's rate will be paid. The women, however, will be guaranteed only 40 hours' pay and employment during the week, as against the men's

guaranteed week of 48 hours. This settlement, made by arbitration after both municipal and company groups of employers had offered much lower rates, should give general satisfaction; and it is to be hoped that the precedent will be followed in the engineering and kindred trades, in which much larger numbers of women are likely to be engaged to replace men. It does not, however, cover the case of women who are not replacing men, but are taken on for such jobs as the making of shells, fuses and cartridge cases. For these a special minimum wage had to be laid down during the last war; and it is to be hoped that action will be taken speedily to prevent the serious underpayment which is likely to occur unless satisfactory national standards are laid down and enforced.

More Trouble at Ebbw Vale

Sir William Firth's demand for a public inquiry into the circumstances which led up to his dismissal from the Board of Richard Thomas, Ltd., seems, on the face of the matter, to be amply justified. This dismissal is, of course, the sequel to the trouble which arose when Richard Thomas, Ltd., finding themselves in financial difficulties over their great new strip mill at Ebbw Vale, were compelled by Mr. Montagu Norman to accept a control board largely nominated by their rivals of the Steel Federation, as a condition of getting the capital to complete their plant. Ever since then there has been continuous trouble. Richard Thomas's rivals objected to the new plant, which was calculated by its superior efficiency to render many older plants obsolete; and they did their best to hamper its activities. Sir William Firth, the leading figure in Richard Thomas, Ltd., fought his opponents step by step; and the quarrel has now culminated in his dismissal, following on his refusal to resign from the Board of the firm which he has done most to create. The Iron and Steel Trades Confederation's branches which organise Messrs. Thomas's employees have joined in the demand for an inquiry, and Sir William Firth has suggested that he has sensational revelations to make. Certainly, in view of the widespread beliefs that the Steel Federation has acted as a highly restrictive monopoly, with the backing of the Bank of England, everything possible ought to be done to bring the true facts to light.

Waiting for the News

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes :—Ostensibly the House has been debating the Budget. Even if greater events had not cast their shadow, it would have been a mock battle, for the simple reason that the real opposition to the Government's financial policy is still almost unrepresented in the House. Labour, having refused the challenge of Mr. Keynes either to accept his scheme or propose an alternative, murmured about a capital levy and increase of surtax, but was careful to avoid the nasty question—what sacrifices must the middle-classes and the artisans make? Indeed, in this matter of evading the serious issues, it is difficult to choose between the obtuseness of Backbencher Blimp—"Gad Sir! the Germans are swine: castrate the lot" and that of his opposite number —"Oh, dear, what is going to happen, if we really fight this war?" Mr. Chamberlain's strength is due to the fact that on both sides of the House the ostriches predominate. Real opposition is limited to isolated individuals who struggle manfully against the crassness of party machines —and are dubbed "warmongers" for their pains.

This atmosphere of unreality was increased by the absence of real news from Norway. On Tuesday, as usually happens with the first news of a disaster, there were rumours of a Conservative mutiny: on Wednesday there was a growing sympathy for the Government. "They did their best, and after all could we have done better." Writing before Mr. Chamberlain's statement on Thursday, I assume that sharp criticism, such as Sir Archibald Sinclair's speech on Tuesday, will be considered bad form, till the worst is known. Next week, we are due for that quiet lucid explanation of the reasons for defeat which Mr. Chamberlain does so well, and, if Captain Margesson pulls it off again, the House will vote its confidence in Governmental incompetence, after hearing dignified protests by Mr. Richard Law and Mr. Amery. Or will the House at last do its duty by the country? That depends on the courage of the Opposition.

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LABOUR AND THE CABINET

THE country, and not least the Labour party, is still blind to its dangers because no-one will risk unpopularity by speaking the truth. That is why the issue of the electoral truce will be the supreme test of Labour leadership at Bournemouth. Already this controversy has been confused not less by statements issued by the Executive than by the diversity of the interests which are pressing for the end of the truce. The attitude of both the Parliamentary leadership and of the officials at Transport House, seems to be largely influenced by tactical considerations. Parliamentarians know better than their followers in the country the immensely powerful position of Mr. Chamberlain inside the House of Commons and the dangers of opposition during a war. They realise by experience that though on minor issues affecting the interests of the workers Labour can and has achieved important improvements in legislation, on the main lines of policy Mr. Chamberlain, who controls the Conservative Party machine more directly than any recent Premier, is in control. They know, too, that if Labour were to defy the Government and to fight by-elections, it would suffer reverses. And more important still, they know that if the truce were broken, Labour would find itself fighting a war on two fronts, first against Conservative candidates who would claim that, since Labour opposition was breaking "national unity," patriotism demanded a vote for the Government, and secondly against a variegated internal opposition which would impugn Labour for its "jingo" attitude to the war. Faced by these two opponents the cautious Parliamentarians are naturally unwilling to take the offensive; they prefer the tactical stalemate of the electoral truce.

And they are strongly supported in this attitude by the officials of the Party-Machine, who know the difficulties of elections under war-time conditions with an old register, a vast quantity of removals and hundreds of thousands of Labour voters on active service. Inevitably they tend to choose the path of caution and to argue that Labour's present position of "power without responsibility" is too valuable to throw away in return for the distant prospect of a Cabinet crisis violent enough to shake the Chamberlain-Horace Wilson-Margesson triangle.

It is important to realise how far this argument takes us. If the conclusions of the defenders of the political truce are correct, then it follows that in the end Labour will join the National Government under Mr. Chamberlain or under a successor of his choosing. As the war proceeds and as its stress increases, it will be impossible to remain in a state of suspended opposition, and "power without responsibility" will degenerate into an impotence justly arraigned for its irresponsibility. If the Party accepts the political truce at Bournemouth it will, whether the proposition is publicly conceded or not, be tacitly giving the Parliamentary Party permission to accept office under Mr. Chamberlain or a successor selected by him and therefore in the same tradition.

It is probable that the more far-sighted leaders of the Party are aware of this fact, and it is certain that there are already a few prominent persons anxious to accept office in the near future. If the leadership privately believes that after the Conference has sat and debated they will, in due course, at a time chosen by themselves, participate in the Government, they should have the courage to say so and to state their reasons to the rank and file. If, on the other hand, they have not yet made up their minds, they would be well advised to consider the consequences of such a course of action.

In the first place the Executive should dismiss the idea that opposition to the truce is a Communist ramp. Undoubtedly the Communists would like to break the truce for their own purposes, but there are great numbers of loyal Labour members who consider that the immediate tactical advantages of the truce will be outweighed by its long-term results both to the Party and to the country as a whole. To lump these critics in with the Communists and Pacifists may be a way of scoring a cheap conference victory. But the country is looking for leaders, not for conference managers, and it will judge Labour's ability not by the size of the vote but by the quality of leadership displayed at Bournemouth.

The experienced party-politician is often curiously blind to the major issues of policy. Thinking in terms of parliamentary procedure and electoral tactics, he fails to appreciate those simple moral factors which determine the public mind. He forgets his duty to the people whose vague feelings can only become a policy under really courageous leadership. In the small world of Parliament there is a friendly exchange of views and a considerable degree of collaboration. Outside Parliament the issues harden. But the voters who have not experienced the atmosphere of the best club in the world, have a simpler faith than their parliamentary representatives. Many of them believe that the Old Men of Munich are largely responsible for the

present state of Europe, and they share this profound suspicion of Mr. Chamberlain with the citizens of the U.S.A. and most of the smaller neutral countries, and last, but not least, of France. It is impossible for the thoughtful socialist to accept easily a political truce which leaves Labour free to debate in Parliament, but suppresses those by-election debates in the country, without which the debate in Parliament seems a shadow battle.

We believe that in this matter the instinct of the local party member and of a larger section of independent voters is sounder than the tactics of the politicians and of the officials at Transport House. We do not suggest that there is as yet a large body of opinion demanding the end of the political truce. The country is not aware of its dangers because no-one has warned it of them. Most people still cannot conceive defeat as a possibility; they think we shall muddle through. But underneath this complacency there is a growing doubt whether the Old Men of Munich will muddle through. That uneasiness is not merely due to a wrangle about the rightness or wrongness of past policies. It is a conflict about the issues of this war, the way it should be waged, the way it should be ended, and the way that peace should be made.

Consider, for instance, the problem of war aims. In his pamphlet *Unser Kampf*, Sir Richard Acland rightly observes that it seems to be the desire of the elder statesmen both in this country and in France to restore the golden age of 1927. That is the cause for which they ask the working people of Britain and France to risk their lives; that was the alternative to National Socialism which they offered in the first weeks of the war to the German worker when they claimed that their battle was against Hitlerism and not against the German people! They seem completely unaware that the peoples of Europe do not share their satisfaction with the golden age of post-war economic insecurity. The Labour Party has issued its own statement of war and peace aims, which differs profoundly from that of the National Government. This statement, if it means anything, implies that economic and political anarchy of the post-war years was not a golden age but the prime cause of our present troubles. Labour, it proclaims, fights not for a restoration but for a reconstruction of Europe. How is any support possible for the old men who first tried to persuade us that the Nazis were gentlemen, then vowed to liberate Germany from the Hitler terror and are now telling us that the whole German people are servile swine?

This difference of purpose affects not only our peace aims but the whole conduct of the war. Those who wish to return to 1927 (or 1913?) are naturally determined that our war effort shall not undermine the social, financial and industrial structure of pre-war Britain. Their whole policy is based on an attempt to reconcile the exigencies of war economy with the defence of a social system they hold dear. The tenacity with which they pursued the phantom of appeasement was largely due to their realisation that modern war would jeopardise that social structure which they identify with the liberties of Britain; and now that they have been driven into war by Hitler's failure to co-operate with them, they are beginning to realise they cannot will victory without even more certainly willing their own destruction. So they will a compromise instead. Against these elder statesmen are ranged all those who are determined to utilise the exigencies of war for the defence and for the advancement of social justice. They know that in order to win, we shall have to destroy the things Mr. Chamberlain holds most dear. But that does not disturb them! They have long been aware that the social structure beloved by elder statesmen was as ill-adapted for peace as it is now proving for war, and they know that if we are fighting to preserve democracy we must be prepared for revolutionary changes. The task of the democrat is not to defend liberty and social privilege against planning, but to reconcile liberty with the planning and to uproot the privileges which weaken our war-effort.

This is the real conflict in Britain and the real issue at Bournemouth. It cuts across party divisions, for there are many Socialists who still think in terms of the socialism of 1927 just as there are a few young Conservatives prepared for drastic change. It is the conflict between the elder statesmen of all parties and their younger radical opponents. But in spite of this it remains true both that by and large the Conservative Party machine stands for the *status quo* and that the only political organisation round which the radical forces can still rally is the Labour Party. If the Labour Party retains the political truce, it is refusing to give a lead to those radical forces which alone can win either the war or the peace.

For this war cannot be won in the spirit manifested in last week's Budget or in the chronic indecisions which led to this week's event's in Norway. The nation will need in the not far distant future a new leadership to save it from the disasters for which we are heading. No mere Cabinet reshuffle or the addition of three or four Labour politicians to the existing Cabinet, will be enough. When the nation realises the true position, all who have condoned or even implicitly condoned the present conduct of the war will be equally discredited. At such times an angry people does not examine fine points of parliamentary procedure or party tactics. It condemns roundly and it looks for leadership to those who have risked unpopularity and party disadvantages to speak their mind. If Labour has not taken those risks, it will be dismissed and rightly dismissed along with the Old Men of Munich.

We do not believe that Labour could or should aim at a purely Party Government. What is needed is a national coalition, centred round the Opposition and including those Conservatives who are prepared to accept the necessity of a war socialism. The first step to such a government is an open declaration against the present Cabinet and its conduct of the war at home and abroad. That declaration would be applauded by the best elements in all the parties and, even more important, by the best elements outside the parties too.

Whether Labour adopts this course depends very largely on the outcome of the Bournemouth Conference. It would be easy enough for the Executive to evade the issues; it would need courage to challenge the Old Men. The rank and file would respond to the challenge. Will the leaders give it?

IT IS NOT YET TOO LATE

THIRTY Members of Parliament sat through the last debate on India. It may be that nineteen readers out of twenty will "skip" this article. The twentieth understands that by politics as much as strategy we must win this war. India in this problem is central, because through five generations the Continental imagination has pictured us as its overlords. Round the word England cluster for it a group of associated images, the Bank, Gibraltar and the Fleet, but India comes first. John Bull's shadow, when it falls across Europe, forms itself into the shape of this Peninsula. What we do there, for good or ill, makes half our national reputation. Of the two alternatives before us, let us take the more fortunate. Let us suppose that within a few days, as the result of prosperous negotiations, Mr. Gandhi were to stand before the microphone and broadcast to the world that India to his satisfaction had secured from us her freedom. The image that mankind forms of us would alter overnight. Americans would be proud of their kinsmen; it would cross the mind of the average German that he may trust our word when we talk idealism; even Moscow would stammer when it next described us as the "imperialist warmongers."

It is more probable that Mr. Gandhi will arrest the world's attention in another posture. He has warned us of his intentions. Though he sees no way out of the present deadlock, he will not summon the masses to civil disobedience. He may call on a selected group of leaders to sacrifice themselves, but the lot may fall on himself alone. It is easy to guess his meaning: on the Empire's doorstep he will fast to death. Our Western minds may view this form of protest with a sense of baffled repugnance. But if in this ghastly duel India's champion were to fall, the least sympathetic of us can guess the consequences. The revolt that would then begin would not stop short at pacifist tactics. To cope with it we should have to divert to India forces we could ill spare, and we should be fortunate if our record escaped the stain of another Amritsar. Our cause, in the eyes not of the worst but of the best of mankind, would have suffered an irreparable reverse, political as well as moral.

Can nothing be done? In terms of British sentiment we seem not very far from the goal of reconciliation. The tone of that last debate in the Commons, if we except the hard speech of the Under-Secretary, was generous from start to finish. The demand for the early grant of Dominion status came with urgency from the Tory benches, and a former Die-hard, Lord Winterton, echoed the appeal of Labour's spokesmen. It was Sir Stanley Reed, the editor of the *Times of India*, who boldly argued that the work of laying down the principles of a constitution must be "done in India by an elected body." He refused, very wisely, to be alarmed by Mr. Gandhi's use of the word "independence."

We face hopeless deadlock, because the offer of Dominion status, which Mr. Gandhi found "promising," has been made dependent on a condition that cannot be realised. The requirement that Hindus and Muslims must first reach agreement has been interpreted by the Viceroy to mean that Congress and the Muslim League must come to terms. This they cannot do because the League now affirms that

Muslims constitute a distinct "nation," which must form a separate State. Its plan would link the mainly Muslim North-West with Muslim Eastern Bengal by a continuous belt of territory torn out of mainly Hindu provinces; it would then rectify this wrong by an exchange of populations on a colossal scale. The scheme is as objectionable as it is unworkable, and it is reasonable to assume that its chief attraction is its efficacy as an engine of obstruction. The broad fact is that Mr. Jinnah's League objects to any democratic plan for a united India, because it refuses to submit to a Hindu majority. As a powerful minority, which enjoys official sympathy in a high degree, it believes that it can get its own way more often and more fully by using its influence with an autocratic Central Government than by trusting its fate to any democratic procedure. This is in effect to veto any constitutional advance in India.

The outlook would be hopeless if the Muslim League spoke for all the ninety millions of its faith. It is undoubtedly the most powerful of several Muslim organisations, but it excludes the Shiah sect, a fifth of the total, as well as the Muslims of the Frontier Province, who adhere to Congress. At the last provincial elections, barely one in four of the successful Muslim candidates stood under its auspices. The conference of all the other Muslim organisations that met this week at Delhi, with a former premier of Sind in the chair, may in fact have spoken for a larger number of electors. It rejected the League's demand for separation, and set out to discover a compromise that might meet the claim of Congress for self-determination. It is necessary to bear in mind that Congress, which controlled eight of the eleven provinces, certainly speaks for a majority in British India. Its membership is predominantly Hindu, but its chairman is a leading Muslim theologian and on its working committee sit Parsis, Sikhs and Muslims. It has never stood for Hindu confessional interests: so little, indeed, does it do so, that the stricter Hindus have formed a rival organisation, the Maha Sabha, for that purpose. A critic of Hindu religion may trace to its institutions the source of some of the social and economic shadows of Indian life. But with intolerance no one can fairly charge this eclectic and unorganised religion. It has never persecuted, and in no single instance, while Congress majorities held office in these eight provinces, have their British governors found it necessary to use their powers to protect the Muslim minority. Were it not for Lord Morley's disastrous invention of the separate electorates that keep Hindu and Muslim voters apart, this feud need not have submerged politics. On the daily questions with which legislatures deal, the real lines of division fall between debtor and usurer, tenant and Zemindar, wage-earner and mill-owner, peasant and townsman, and not between Hindu and Muslim. It has suited us to focus all our attention on this classification of Indians by creed, in order to magnify our own part as the indispensable "referee."

Out of this rut, by a fresh start, we have to lift the Indians and ourselves. The form of Lord Linlithgow's offer was unfortunate. It is not reasonable to demand unanimity from three hundred millions of men. We cannot doubt that a great majority of Indians demand both unity and democratic self-government and with these boons the right to plan the house which they and not we shall inhabit. It may be our duty to satisfy ourselves that minorities are fairly treated in the new constitution, but neither duty nor self-interest can prompt us to arm what is manifestly only the conservative section of a minority with a veto over a nation's advance. If the Muslim League and Congress cannot, by the fault of either or both, come to terms, the wise course is to turn the flank of this difficulty by calling on the elected representatives of this nation, to assume responsibility. The proposal of Congress to elect a Constituent Assembly by universal suffrage presents some difficulties. But we might invite the popular chambers of the eleven provincial legislatures to choose delegations that would form a national assembly. This in its turn should entrust to a Working Committee the task, which could not be easy or brief, of drafting and negotiating the future constitution, which in due course this assembly would accept or reject.

The essence of this procedure is that the British Government should now proclaim its will to grant to India the full status of a Dominion, as the Statute of Westminster defines it, at the earliest possible moment. That should be defined as a date not later than the first year after the end of this war. The undertaking should be to enact any scheme that satisfies a substantial majority of the assembly so chosen, subject to our own right and duty to satisfy ourselves on certain points. The chief of these are first, that the rights of minorities must be adequately safeguarded, and secondly, that suitable arrangements shall be made for India's defence during the period that must elapse before the new Dominion can provide for its own safety.

It may be wiser at the start to confine the scheme to British India. To bring in the princes while they remain feudal autocrats, holding a third of India's voting power in their own irresponsible hands, would be to entrust the keys of progress to property in its most reactionary form. The Indian States should enter when the princes concede the civil and political rights that obtain in the British provinces.

Finally, the seal of this reconciling settlement should be the entry at once into the Governor-General's Council of several leaders of democratic India.

On some such terms as these we can win India as our friend, ally and advocate in the years of peril that lie before us. If we prefer to coerce and divide, her weight will lie heavy in the scales that test us.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

THE pundits who control our news have dismissed as nonsense and forgery the "Ribbentrop documents," describing British plans for invading Norway. Obviously they will not affect the main issue and cannot be used to excuse Hitler's invasion since he discovered the wickedness of the British only after he had occupied half Norway. But that does not exhaust the interest of these papers. They may be faked up, but they are not mere nonsense. They purport to show, first, that when the British Government laid its minefield on April 8th, it also had troops under orders to disembark at various Norwegian ports, and, secondly, that when it was discovered that the German fleet was first on the scene the expedition was countermanded. We know that a note was addressed to the Norwegian Government stating our intention to land if the Germans advanced in Scandinavia, and Ribbentrop may have got hold of some of the instructions given to officers to meet that contingency. But Ribbentrop is lying when he suggests that the Allies meant to move first. In any case, the only way is to publish the text in full or, better still, in facsimile. American correspondents in Berlin have found the documents sufficiently interesting to stand the expense of cabling them textually across the Atlantic and if they are discussed in America, they must eventually become public here. One able American critic, Major Eliot, has examined them and decided from internal evidence that they are faked. All the more reason why we should have the opportunity of using our wits on them. The usual absurd delay in publication merely rouses suspicions and destroys the force of any British exposure or reply.

* * *

One of the many ominous rumours is that the sale of the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican paper, may be banned in Rome. While the Fascist press has been violently pro-Nazi, the *Osservatore* has been honest and objective with the result that its circulation has soared. I imagine that this is not the last attack on the Vatican; the Pope knows Germany and the Nazis and stands for a conception of the world as antipathetic to their's as to that of the Bolsheviks. I have heard people laugh at the story that the Nazis mean to end the Papacy. I see nothing unlikely in the attempt if Mussolini comes into the war. Rumour runs that the Pope is to escape to France. A second flight to Avignon would certainly crystallise issues between the West and the Pagan Brave New World.

* * *

I wonder if it is a mere coincidence that the *Radio Times* and the *Listener* are among the small minority which have disregarded the new agreement to reduce the size of periodicals and to accept no returns. When most other papers last week were adopting a new reduced format, the *Radio Times* had 48 pages—10 editorial, 13 advertisements and 25 programmes On this basis it consumes, with a circulation of 2,500,000, 16,000 tons of paper a year. One week's supply for the *Radio Times* would see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION through a whole year. By disregarding the no-returns agreement and allowing them up to 10 per cent., it not only gets a large advantage over other competitors, but may waste some 30 tons of paper a week. If it reduced its size to 40 pages by going back to its original purpose of printing B.B.C. programmes only and adhered to the no-returns agreement, I calculate it could save 4,000 tons of paper a year. Even more glaring is the case of that excellent paper, the *Listener* which still retains the spacious columns and the size of the peacetime era. Why is this permitted? The one is a rich source of revenue, the other heavily subsidised by the Corporation. Is it because as B.B.C. organs those periodicals are given unlimited paper supplies? If so, this is a beginning of a Government monopoly of printed matter, which may have interesting effects on the freedom of the press.

A friend writes me that during the past few weeks extracts from Sir Nevile Henderson's *Failure of a Mission* have been serialised in the Belgrade paper, *Vreme*. This was the achievement of the news agency, *Britanova*, and was done on the inspiration of the British Legation press office. My friend quotes some extracts:

> March 14th issue. Great Britain was unable to refuse the principle of self-determination to 2,700,000 Sudeten Germans. The refusal of this would have been incompatible with the principle on which her Empire is built up and such an attitude would not have had the support of the Dominions. Czechoslovak Government was wrong not to accept at once the greater part of the Karlsbad programme.

Again:

> Nothing except armed intervention of the Western Powers could have saved Austria, and in that case the greater part of the Austrian youth would have been on the side of their German brothers.

Again:

> Czechoslovakia at the time of the May mobilisation called up 170,000 men and thereby told the world of her will to resist Germany's intentions. This greatly aggravated the peaceful settlement of the Sudeten question.

The effect of these extracts in Yugoslavia where Munich was regarded as an outrage on an allied country were so unflattering to Britain that many people imagined in Belgrade that the publication of Sir Nevile's book had been arranged by the Germans! His letter goes on to analyse our propaganda in Yugoslavia:

> The personnel here is generally first-rate, keen, young and well-orientated, apart from the teachers sent by the British Council. The real trouble lies in lack of policy. Nothing is done with the local Moslems, except the distribution of literature, including Lord Lloyd's plea for Christianity as a battle cry and copies of *The Tablet*! Nothing is done to explain the attitude of the Dominions, the social progress of Britain—for instance, a man well qualified to talk on Municipal Housing was sent here to lecture on British art. Every scrap of German propaganda is closely related to German policy. Ours is mostly propaganda *in vacuo*.

* * *

The disaffiliation of the University Labour Federation cannot have surprised anyone, least of all the executive of the U.L.F. It was only in consideration of the special circumstances of University life, that the National Executive was persuaded to agree to a "popular front" constitution a few years ago. The idea was that student politics are always "Left" and theoretical, and that their socialist societies should encourage the free discussion of orthodoxies and heterodoxies and avoid the sectarianism of political parties. I always thought this an excellent idea, but the energetic young men and women who manage the U.L.F. had no intention of limiting student socialism to abstract discussion. From the first they have run the U.L.F. as an active political organisation and have taken no trouble to disguise their enthusiasm for the Communist line. Their vigour has been immense and soon the Communists and fellow-travellers controlled nearly all the University socialist societies. How effectively they had done their work the Leeds Student Conference showed. Disaffiliation became in this case inevitable; violent opposition to the war cannot be described as a minor disagreement with the policy of the Labour Party, which has been roundly abused by the U.L.F. on every possible occasion. At Oxford it has meant a split in the Labour Club, for years the strongest political society in the University, after a debate in which a motion to sever connections with the U.L.F. was defeated by 182 to 108. So now the Communists retain control of the Labour Club and G. D. H. Cole and the Master of Balliol who did so much to build it must move into the new Democratic Socialist Club which, I hear, has started with a membership of over 400.

* * *

I see that Judge Essenhigh is telling Lancashire Conscientious Objectors that he cannot see any difference between joining the R.A.M.C. and the Friends Ambulance Unit. Yet the difference is plain enough. A member of the F.A.U. remains a civilian who cannot be called upon to join in the job of killing; if he is given an order to do military duty (which I don't think occurred in the last war), he is entitled to refuse. He may of course get sent home to be called up again and stand the racket of the tribunal and possible imprisonment. In fact the F.A.U. is a sensible British compromise. In the early days of the last war it did extraordinary voluntary work in saving French villages from typhoid and looking after wounded who would otherwise have been neglected, and, with its sister Quaker unit, worked on at ambulance and relief work until the end of the war and after it. So far in this war a unit convoy of the F.A.U. has been serving in Finland. Every member has now volunteered for service in Norway and their offer has been accepted by the Norwegian government. In Finland the Unit served immediately behind the front line, transporting wounded to base hospitals. One ambulance was bombed and a tent in which some of the men were billeted was machine-gunned by Russian 'planes, but no one seems to have been hurt. The chief problem, I gather, was the cold; 35 deg. Centigrade below is more than most of us can imagine. Since the peace in Finland they have been helping in the job of redistributing the civilian population and have been highly praised for their services. In a word, there is not much difference in the work done during war or in the risks run by ambulance men in the F.A.U. and the R.A.M.C.; the difference is that F.A.U. members, who would not in any case fight, feel that they are doing something constructive in their civilian work and, perhaps illogically, that they are not part of an army machine whose job it is to defeat the enemy, but a civilian body with the duty of relieving suffering wherever they find it.

* * *

The Communist letters replying to attacks made on them in our correspondence columns last week do not reply to them. Neither Mr. Strachey nor Mr. Gollancz openly quarrelled with the Party so long as they believed that the C.P. line was merely an impartial anti-imperialist one. Their complaint was that the *Daily Worker* seemed to put the blame wholly on the British and French governments and by implication to exonerate Hitler. There have been many indications in the *Daily Worker* itself in the last week that many of its readers resented its comparative tenderness to the Nazis and needed reassurance. Palme Dutt talks without much evidence of the Communist struggle against Hitler in Germany to-day. I hope he is right. A further point arises. What evidence is there for reports from France that the Communists are responsible for leaflets urging sabotage and speaking of the welcoming hand of the Führer? Is there evidence that such documents have actually been distributed by C.P. members?

* * *

If the Labour Book Service or the Left Book Club want to vary the monotony of political education, they ought to publish a transcript of *Sir Walter Citrine and Others versus the "Daily Worker."* In his cross-examination D. N. Pritt has contrived to broaden the issue until the trial at one time developed into a first-rate debate on the principles of British socialism and Trade Unionism. On one point of fact I'd like enlightenment. Pritt called Citrine a liar for saying that Bela Kun had been shot in Russia. Citrine may well have been wrong, but Bela Kun has often been named among the purged. In the general mix-up Pritt got in some shrewd jabs, but Sir Walter covered up well with his imperturbable breeziness, occasionally taking the offensive with a nice uppercut. Altogether an excellent exhibition bout with Sir Walter just ahead on style. If working-class organisations will fight each other in capitalist courts of law, there is at least the excuse that nowhere else could you stage such a lengthy debate between these two protagonists!

* * *

As the blackout retreats, and Londoners resume their evening hour of sight-seeing, one notices how much shabbier our already shabby streets have become. For many shop windows the sticky paper and boarding of last September still serves; our squares, necessarily, have lost some of their lawns; there are more vacant lots than ever where houses have been dismantled and the builder has paused, wondering what to do next. All the more cheers when, unexpectedly, one finds new amenities and architectural improvement. The neighbourhood of Swiss Cottage has been enlivened by two tube stations of the latest pattern. The natty new shapes seem to spring out of the pavement, bright, unexpected, a little at odds perhaps with their neighbours. Most new ventures in London architecture are fated to have this touch of incongruity. But in Battersea Park there has been opened this week a new L.C.C. café which seems to me completely successful in its surroundings. It is charmingly placed among lawns and chestnuts overlooking the lake, and the building itself, a low circular construction of brick and glass, is a model of elegant simplicity. Though comparatively small, it has been designed to catch every particle of light. On fine days the lawns as well as the verandah will be set with tables, and if we are lucky in our sunshine this should rapidly become one of the gayest spots in London. A cup of tea or light lunch will cost no more than at Lyons. Something similar is being done, I hear, in the East End's Victoria Park. Londoners will welcome a tea-time dissociated from glass-topped tables, electric light and draughty tiled corridors.

* * *

The *Workers' Age*, the organ of the Independent Labor League of America, prints (April 6) the following remarkable extract from Alexey Tolstoy in *Pravda*:—

> Stalin knows what should bring happiness to Finland. He, more than anybody else, knows what will bring happiness to all peoples of humanity. He thinks of everything that may give joy to every moment of every human life. There is not one single human being who is not his friend and for whom he would not give all his heart. Oh, how much happier would the British people be if Stalin consented to organise their bliss!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. W. Jones.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I have noticed with amazement during the past few weeks quite a number of women and girls wearing huge peaked hats fashioned after those of the German higher command. Promenading with headgear of that design at such a time is beyond my comprehension.—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

Because they say it is not right to play bowls in wartime, a number of Hythe (Kent) people have threatened to dig up the Borough Club's green if the mayor opens it on Saturday.—*Daily Herald*.

Our men have had to be roused. They aren't natural killers like the Germans. But now we have no need to have any anxieties about them. Their spirits are well beyond Cup-tie fever pitch. They are asking for a "replay" as I saw for myself.—Commander Major-General Carton de Wiart in an interview in *Daily Mail*.

At the wish of the King, Princess Elizabeth is to cut down the time spent on learning German. Arrangements have been made for her to begin lessons in Spanish.—*Reynolds News*.

I am rather puzzled by one passage (in Sir Nevile Henderson's *Failure of a Mission*) in which he insists that "we must make a just peace. We must end the war in such a way that there is no hatred left between the peoples of either side." Whoever heard of Britain making a peace that was not just?—*Queen*.

An important factor in whole position is that since war extended to Scandinavia, U.S.S.R. has presented to eyes of many neutrals (particularly of course Slav neutrals but also other small states) spectacle of only powerful, genuinely neutral state, and therefore as possible protector of neutrality of smaller neutrals.—*The Week*.

THAT GERMANY

Dr. Ley on War Aims

We know the causes of the war and we can soberly assess the strength of the Powers. We wage war against an England which will not accept Germany's greatness, and against Jewry, England's ally. To-day we stand on the last rung of freedom's ladder. England must again become what it once was—an unknown island in the ocean (loud applause). To-day we are not only on the North Sea, we have reached the Atlantic. . . . Our spiritual battle is against Jewry, which has been conquered in Germany; it must be broken the world over. In this problem the genuinely "voelkisch" man in all nations confronts the corrupter of mankind.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, April 19th, 1940.

Birthday Praises

What an astonishing transformation has occurred in the sphere of art since the Führer has presented to the eyes of his people the corporal manifestation of his own ideal of beauty, and created from this unity of art and people a new realm of aesthetic values. — *Voelkischer Beobachter*, April 20th, 1940.

Rudolf Hess Speaks to the Children

I know it is the highest wish of you youngsters to be in Norway now as airmen, releasing your bombs; you are longing to sit in Germany's wonderful war-machine, to sink British battleships and to shoot down the enemy aeroplanes. You would not be the youngsters of the new Germany if this was not your burning wish. Fate has not yet decreed that you should sit in armoured cars, that you should lie in the front line as artillery observers, that you should on the sea or in the air fight as soldiers for the Führer. But console yourselves; Germany will one day need your devotion as grown men. After this war is over Germany will again possess colonies. And there you will find room and opportunity of work and adventure, in battle and in the sweat of your brows, to keep youth's dynamic busy in the uncertainties of a strange and foreign clime.—*Frankfürter Zeitung*, April 21st, 1940.

Should Germans Read Shakespeare?

Should we Germans study Shakespeare? Make his characters the ideals of German youth in our schools and produce his plays on our stages for the pleasure of our people? Shall we, the German Shakespeare Society, celebrate the greatest poet of the Germanic peoples, although the successors of his comrades have declared a war of annihilation upon us? . . . Shakespeare has always been our greatest ally. Certainly he was a son of the English soil and loved above all else his land and people, the authoritarian England of the Tudors, the Germanic people which had just exerted its youthful strength to overthrow the world power of Catholic Spain—an England much more closely related to our Germany of to-day than to the great plutocratic commercial power into which it later developed. Shakespeare's England would understand Germany in her present war. Therefore Shakespeare shall not be taken away from the German people. He is ours and it can only raise the repute of Germany among neutrals and among her enemies if, even while her sons fight against the new England, the German Shakespeare Society expresses its devotion to the poet this year, who 350 years ago expressed in the most exquisite form the ideals of life of the Germanic soul. The Nordic movement of Adolf Hitler will always have the right to pay heroic devotion to the Nordic genius of Shakespeare and to claim it as its own.—*Frankfürter Zeitung*, April 23rd, 1940.

THE DEMOCRATISATION OF THE ARMY

"At any rate," I said to the other officer in the carriage, "you can't deny Belisha credit for democratising the army."

"I most certainly do," he retorted. "In the first place it was the Labour Party—your Party," I bowed non-committal acknowledgment, "that deserves any credit that is going. In the second place there is no credit going because there has been no substantial change. The whole business has been more or less eye-wash. In the third place you couldn't democratise the army in any way that mattered without ruining it. At the very least democracy involves majority rule and toleration of organised criticism. You know as well as I do that you couldn't introduce either of those into the army without turning it into a rabble."

I murmured a suggestion that he ought to read Tom Wintringham or Liddell Hart, and learn to appreciate their "stinging swarm of individual fighters." Surely, I paraphrased, what we wanted right down the army in these days was a capacity to take independent decision—and such initiative you only found among men in some sense "free." He was not impressed. He threw back at me Henderson's account of the German army of 1870, terrific discipline coupled with unparalleled initiative among subordinate commanders. He insisted that modern German doctrine taught the same lesson. He went out of his way to inform me that the control of artillery was far more decentralised in the German than in any other modern army. In fact, the degree of discretion left to the subordinates, and the psychological initiative displayed by the latter had nothing on earth to do with whether the army was much, little or not at all democratised.

"All serious armies," he wound up, "have always been run on Fascist lines from the top downwards, with no criticism from below permitted. I don't like militarism any more than you do, and I never would have joined the army for pleasure, but I am at least as keen as you are on beating Hitler. Only we can't do that without using just the same methods of discipline as he uses, any more than we can do it without using high explosive shells or bombing planes."

"It's strange," I objected, "that the army—I mean the fighting services generally—should remain the only undemocratic institution in a democratic community—remain in fact a hundred years behind the times."

"On the contrary," he replied in a manner that I began to realise was characteristic, "the army is by no means unique. I am not for a moment suggesting that we should place it above and beyond parliamentary control. I simply say 'leave it, like the Civil Service, based on the *Führerprinzip* in its internal functioning. Leave it for that matter like every other large-scale organisation in this country, commercial, sporting or anything else—politics alone excepted.'" "You don't drill your civil servants," I interposed irritably, "with exercises admittedly useless in the moment of crisis in order to 'habituate them to the will of their commander.'"

He paused and then went on more slowly, "I admit the discipline has got to be tighter in the army than in business or the Civil Service. Obedience must be, I won't say more unthinking or unintelligent, but more psychologically automatic. In the haste, confusion, discomfort and danger of battle to which civilian life provides no counterpart, there is only one way of making sure that a plan of any kind is approximately adhered to. It lies in imbuing every soldier beforehand with such an instinctive horror of committing a breach of discipline that, come what may, he can be relied upon to carry out the ideas of his superiors to the best of his abilities."

"But I don't shut my eyes to the spiritual and intellectual price to be paid. You can't have absolute subordination on the day of battle and a nice free Oxford Common Room kind of atmosphere in the regiment the rest of the time, with the clever young subaltern making rings round the slower-witted major in an argument on what is supposed to be the latter's own subject. The spirit of subordination, of deference to superior rank, must run right through. One reads of Russian Major-Generals in Poland blacking their own boots very inefficiently in front of derisive privates, which did not help them much against the Finns. The spirit of subordination must run right through, right through . . ." he repeated rather drearily as he made for the corridor, "otherwise it wouldn't be an army."

He seemed to find it difficult to leave the subject, however, and putting his head back he added: "and don't flatter yourself that any trivial democratisation that *is* taking place is going to advance your so-called Progressive Elements. Public School boys are roughing it in the ranks for a few months and going through quite a bit of grind

at O.C.T.U.S.—that's a fact and a welcome one. But the only class who are likely to get commissions quicker this war than in the last war are the tough go-ahead young men of 20 to 23 who come from secondary schools or very minor public schools. A fat lot of interest that class has ever shown in your working-class movement. The working class proper aren't getting many commissions and aren't likely to under free competition. The handicap of leaving school at 14 is too great."

"What about trade union leaders," I began, "they left school at 14 or younger, but they show at least as much ability to lead men as their opposite numbers among the capitalists." "Oh, that's different," he said, "they're so much older! Working-class boys in their twenties haven't had time to catch up. They keep getting sent back from the O.C.T.U.S. It's their English, their power of expression, that mostly does them in. . . . Now don't tell me that that proves all the more clearly the need for a fundamental reorganisation of our educational system, and for putting it on a classless basis as the foundation for a classless state. Because I have lost interest in Party Politics since the war." At last he disappeared.

I was left to ponder the merits of his argument. Was he right? Is it of the essence of an army that it should subordinate man to man and stifle free and equal discussion? Is a military regime simply another name for Fascism, Nazism with the racial element left out? Had we really got to sink to Hitler's level to beat him? I reached a few conclusions.

Clearly democracy in the crudest sense, election of officers, etc., must be ruled out. On the other hand the mixing of classes by making all potential officers spend their short period in the ranks and prompting fraternisation between officers and men off duty—this one believes has come to stay. Until we can revolutionise our entire educational system so that the boy of working-class parents really has an equal chance in competition with the sons of the wealthy, is there anything that can be further effected? I should reply in a sentence—the final destruction of convention as a guide to thought and conduct in the army. If one set of conventions based on the accent, dress and deportment is weakened, as it is being weakened, an unprecedented chance arises of attacking all the other irrationalities that have hitherto so grievously impaired the intelligence which the soldier brings to bear on his profession. The time has come to apply to all things military the spirit which led Jeremy Bentham to ask with regard to every piece of legal abracadabra: "What is the good of it?" There are signs that this new mentality is becoming fashionable at the Staff College. The "school-solution," at any rate, is no longer treated as though received from Sinai.

It is too much to expect that first-class brains will dominate the army during the present war, though let us hope a few geniuses will lead it. Speaking generally, the ablest men who have grown up in this country since the last war have turned up their noses at the army, and they can't complain if they are not at once accepted at their civilian valuation. But democratisation can mean something very significant, not yet stressed in public speeches, if it means that *merit is to take the place of correctness* as the prime determinant of promotion. Merit, of course, will include that assimilation of the collective wisdom of the army which gives the old hand his legitimate advantage over the gifted novice. Once merit so understood becomes the guiding principle of hierarchical gradation, there will not be the same need to repress free discussion as there has been hitherto, when too penetrating an analysis of plans and personalities might be genuinely bad for discipline. The army could then become at least as democratic, *mutatis mutandis*, as the England in which we live, though of course immeasurably less democratic than the England to which we of the Left look forward.

MILES DEMOCRATICUS

POOR BEGGARS

IT is nearly a century and a quarter since Charles Lamb wrote "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis." "Scrips, wallets, rags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution," he declared and he put the blame for the persecution on "the all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation." He would have been surprised, I am sure, if someone had told him that in the year 1940 the societarian reformers would be writing letters to the *Times*, deploring the fact that in spite of the all-sweeping besom the race of beggars was still in London and that the *Times* would be bemoaning the prevalence of kerbstone charity.

I confess I find it hard to understand the point of view of these objectors to the throwing of an occasional penny into a blind man's tin. "As charity," explains the *Times*, "the gift to the beggar is casual, indiscriminate and often injurious; it is a wholly temporary relief doing the beneficiary no lasting good and encouraging the practice of pathetic imposture to gain more money." This explanation seems to me extraordinarily misleading. Is it a vice to be casual and indiscriminate in parting with small change? To give a penny to a beggar is not an alternative to subscribing to organised charities: it is a mere trifle in addition. As for its "doing the beneficiary no lasting good," could not this argument be used against the giving of Christmas presents or inviting one's friends to dinner? One cannot always be asking oneself whether some tiny sum spent on a fellow-creature is doing him lasting good. One is content if it does him good for a day or even for five minutes. The *Times* goes further, however, and contends that giving money to beggars is "often injurious." I should be inclined to amend this sentence and to substitute for "often" the word "rarely." The street-beggar of the present age, it seems to me, seldom stands at his windy corner for fun. The pennies you give him do not prevent him from leading a finer life; they prevent him, more probably, only from becoming an inmate of an institution.

The blind beggar, I am sure, feels freer and more independent as with his unbounded confidence in human nature he sits under a wall with a tin hung from his neck and awaits the charity of the passers-by than he would feel in even the best-run institution or sitting at home in a garret with his narrow expenses paid by a charitable committee. To be blind and poor is tragedy enough; but I cannot help thinking that there are blind men who would be bored beyond measure if they were forbidden to indulge in the passive labour of beggary. There was a blind man who used to sit at the approach to Hampstead Heath with a little square of wood under his feet on which he used to drum warmth into his toes on wintry days, and his cheerfulness was such that he used to make everyone who knew him more cheerful. Sometimes he would whistle—not too well—with his sightless eyes turned up to Heaven; and sometimes he would smoke a cigarette. And the day on which he did not assure you that it was a beautiful morning must have been a very foul day indeed. He knew, I have no doubt, most of his regular clients by the sound of their footsteps and so lived in the come-and-go of a large and friendly club. Would it have been charitable to drive him from the auditorium of the street and to set him up in a lodging where his old acquaintanceship would never reach him? I am certain that he was more conscious of the stir of life on his beggar's stool than he would have been under any institutional patronage. When you parted from him, you parted, an optimist from an optimist. Even a painter who loathed the spectacle of beggary once spoke of him as "the only beggar I ever liked." He died on Derby Day after what may have been—who knows?—a happy life.

I have myself no enthusiasm for beggars, but, dividing them into two classes—the active beggars and the passive beggars—I hold that the passive beggars are worthy of our casual support. The active beggars, who have become less numerous in the last twenty or thirty years, were often, I admit, pests. When I came to London first, there were large numbers of young men who walked about the streets with large earthenware pots containing ferns and who would come up to you in the darkness and, saying, "Do you want to be my friend?" try to thrust the pot into your arms. The late W. L. George told me that on one occasion he became so terrified of a youth of this kind, who followed him along a dark and lonely street, muttering huskily into his ear, "Do you want to be my friend?" that he ran up the steps of a strange house and rang the bell in order to get relief from his menacing attentions. Men of this kind were the bullies of beggardom, as were some of the tramps who used to go about the country intimidating farmers' wives into charity. But bullying of the kind seems to have disappeared from London. Most of the active beggars nowadays are salesmen or saleswomen of collar-studs, shoelaces, handkerchiefs, comic songs, matches and bunches of violets, and their appeals are unaccompanied by threats. They are as mild, indeed—as helplessly mild—as the passive beggars and scarcely less deserving of your charity.

As for the passive beggars, I have seldom seen one who did not look as if he needed all the pennies he was likely to get. I do not believe that there is much of "the practice of pathetic imposture" among these people. I know a beggar who stands outside a hospital selling oranges, his frail old frame and waxen skin making one feel that he might drop dead at any moment. If you touch his hand as you put a penny into it, it is as cold as metal in winter. It would take a great deal to persuade me that there is any element of pathetic

imposture in the make-up of his misery. If he chooses to live on casual rather than on organised charity, why in his wretchedness should he not be allowed his preference? Pennies for many people are easy to give, and it is scarcely possible to spend a penny less injuriously than by giving it to a passive beggar.

Beggars, no doubt, will automatically disappear with the disappearance of extremes of poverty. That they are already dwindling in number is suggested by the fact that, when old beggars die, they often leave no successors to their pitches. The crossing-sweeper has, I think, disappeared from Queen's Gate. Belonging to the age of the horse and muddy streets, he continued for years after the triumph of the motor car to sweep a crossing that was already spotless. He might almost as well have gone through the performance with an imaginary brush, but so genially did he play his part that no one but a miser ever grudged him a coin. If you give a penny to a beggar, you give it not for services rendered. You give it because it is the natural thing to do.

The writer in the *Times* warns "the multitudes of casual givers" that when they act in this way on the impulse of the moment they are "not generous but thoughtless and a trifle sentimental, perhaps." I do not think many casual givers would claim high marks for generosity. I do not see, however, why human beings should be precluded from being occasionally thoughtless or even a trifle sentimental. I admit that giving pennies is simply a cheap form of self-indulgence, and that nothing can be called generous under, say, half-a-crown. But buying an evening paper is equally self-indulgence, and no societarian reformer forbids us to do this. Let us not reform ourselves out of the most innocent of our natural instincts.

When beggars become a nuisance, on the other hand, I am on the side of niggardliness. I do not mind giving a penny, or even twopence, for the Guy at the approach of the Fifth of November, but when every member of a regiment of children clamours also for a penny for himself, I become a reformer and a miser. I felt the same when an army of children followed me into the Mosque in Cordoba, and, by their mendicant chattering and clutches at my hands and clothes, made it impossible to look at the building. Such begging is a form of blackmail. Silent appeal is the beggar's virtue. That is why I hold that blind beggars should continue to be made the victims of our thoughtlessness and sentimentalism. This may undermine both their character and ours, but, if they are willing to take the risk, why should we not do the same? Y. Y.

DICTATOR'S HOLIDAY

(A.D. 1490)

[Petruccio Petrucci, Lord of Siena, a typical petty dictator of the Renaissance, used to amuse himself by tumbling boulders from the top of Monte Amiata, to watch the havoc they wrought below.]

ROUND the foot of Amiata, like a bride,
Her silver train of olives sways unrolled.
Next, the dark chestnuts drape the mountainside;
Beeches above them, green for Eastertide;
Highest, the yellow broom—a crown of gold.

Round that lone crest the world's infinity
Lies dreaming in the lazy spring-sunshine—
The far-off glitter of the Tyrrhene Sea,
The beetling rock of Radicófani,
The Umbrian and the Tuscan Apennine.

Then, through the April hush, a roll of thunder.
Down through the broom, the beeches' young-leaved glory,
Down through the chestnut-glades, the beeches under,
Bounds a vast boulder, snapping trunks in sunder,
Towards Abbadía di San Salvatore.

A cottage bars its way; with one fierce leap
The monster butts it headlong, lengthens stride,
Tears on through corn and olive—hoarse and deep
The fleeing peasants curse, their women weep.
Then—a new rumble down the mountainside.

For on that crest—red cloak and purple hose—
Siena's lord, Petrucci, sits sublime,
Smiling to watch his mercenaries' blows
Heave loose a huger crag. It goes, it goes!
The masters of the world must kill their time.

F. L. LUCAS

A NOTE ON MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

I WANT to recall some of her parts, and others will be glad, I think, to be reminded of them, and what it was that made her acting unforgettable. She was sometimes so superb an actress that it is interesting to discuss why, in spite of those high moments, she cannot be included among the great actresses of the nineteenth century, and classed with Duse, Sarah, Ellen Terry. She had enough talent; her personality was most impressive.

In 1923 she published her memoirs, *My Life and Some Letters* (Hutchinson), and the review of it by Mr. Maurice Baring, which he afterwards reprinted in a volume of essays, *Punch and Judy* (Heinemann), contained, I think, the explanation: compared with those daughters of the stage she was—no, not an amateur, but not steeped in a tradition of acting. Ellen Terry and Duse were trained from early childhood. Sarah Bernhardt went to the Conservatoire, then to the Français, then to the Odeon and then back to the Français. "And it is six years after that even, sixteen years after her first almost unnoticed appearance, that she makes her first real success. In following Mrs. Campbell's career one has the impression of spasmodic spurts, of tremendous efforts followed by haphazard makeshifts." Sarah, in her later career, was also "the creature of circumstance; but behind it all, behind the world-tours and the breathless trips across Europe, the toleration of indifferent plays, and the exploitation of melodrama that was unworthy of her, there remained, besides the time spent at the Conservatoire, the sixteen years of unremitting work in the best repertory, at the best possible school of acting and artistic experience, which nothing could take away or efface."

Now look at the career of Mrs. Campbell: a few years during which a girl of genius with dark magnetic eyes, who felt that if she could only make people in the streets stop and listen to her she could stir their emotions profoundly, waiting in vain for an opportunity, playing obscurely in the provinces—then, suddenly she shoots up to the very summit of popularity as Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. What glamour she shed around her! It was so great that hardly anyone (except G. B. S.) was able to examine the pretensions of Pinero's play. That part was followed by a success as tremendous in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, a play which, again, her acting and her acting alone, raised to the importance of a masterpiece. Listen to G. B. S.: "It is impossible not to feel that those haunting eyes are brooding on a momentous past, and the parted lips anticipating a thrilling imminent future, whilst some enigmatic present must no less surely be working underneath all that subtle play of limb and stealthy intensity of tone. Clearly there must be great tragedy somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood." Then he went on to show that the play was a tissue of false situations and false human nature. She had taken Pinero's work and turned it into an irresistible projection of her own personality.

She was to act many parts in far better plays, but however great the dramatist or deep the scene she was interpreting, she never made a greater effect than in these plays when she brushed the play aside and made the audience conscious chiefly of herself. Her Juliet was a lovely thing, but those who had said "If she can make what she did of Paula what will she be when she has to speak Shakespeare!" were slightly disappointed. It was not as wonderful as all that and her Lady Macbeth was a failure. I never saw her Ophelia, but I am told by those who did that that was really memorable. She was the first credibly *mad* Ophelia ever seen on the stage, and if without the exquisitely touching grace of Ellen Terry, she was at the same time enchanting to watch.

And now let me recall some of her parts which I remember myself: in Coppeé's *For the Crown*, her Melitza was a lovely lyric in a stilted verse play. But that is a boyish recollection. She then played Magda in Sudermann's *Heimat*; that performance was, strange to say, a failure though I expect she was as good as she was when she revived it years afterwards. The play came off in a few days; Duse had played the part before her—possibly that had something to do with its ill-success. I must say, when I saw her she was much more like Sudermann's woman who had smashed her way out of her home, taken lovers and was now returning in triumph with her successes behind her, than the exquisitely delicate character whom Duse suggested. To my regret I never saw her Mélisande which she played with Forbes Robertson and Martin Harvey, and later with, in French, Sarah Bernhardt as Pelléas. "This archaic poem," she wrote in her memoirs, "un-thumbmarked and un-dogeared by 'tradition,' gave me peace and certainty—I had come into my own." It was a triumph. "She wore the robe of Maeterlinck as if it had been made for her." Then came several failures and a tour in the United States,

but before she started she played in Björnson's *Beyond Human Power* for a series of matinées. In that play she was the wife of an impassioned Norwegian Pastor who, bedridden for years, thanks to his power of prayer, rises from her bed but only to die in his arms. The way she held the audience from her bed was a remarkable feat and her death a moment of poignant emotion. In *Hedda Gabler* she was like a beautiful sailing ship which has run aground on a mudbank—just what Hedda ought to be, and her power of being unmercifully rude had full scope. The only drawback to her performance at the Court Theatre was that it was impossible to keep her in her place in the production. She was often extremely tiresome to act with and this half-mischievous egotism led to her being offered fewer and fewer opportunities by managers as she grew older. She was apt to make rehearsals a torment to the producer and her fellow actors. Many remember her best in *Pygmalion*. Eliza Doolittle was a part written for her, and intended to enable her to exhibit dramatically that impish aggressiveness which often made her so tiresome in spite of her charm and genuineness. Her " George Sand " was remarkable, but it did not please the public: it was too real and the play was a poor one. In *The Matriarch* (her last part in England) she triumphed. Her beauty had gone; but the force of her personality, her humour and her pathos shone. What was most remarkable in her was this personal magnetism and the extraordinary ease and grace with which she achieved her effects. Byron once compared himself to a tiger which if it missed its spring went back growling to its den. Her spring was magnificent, but with her, too, it was hit or miss. She could be piteous and (at moments) tender; she could be magnificently fierce, crushingly insolent, and also enchantingly mocking. She could open the door of dreams.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

BUSONI ON THEATRE MUSIC

SINCE I last wrote about music for films I have been looking at Busoni's *Entwurf einer neuen Aesthetik der Tonkunst* which may be translated as " Sketch for a new Musical Aesthetic." In it I have found some pertinent remarks by him on the subject of writing music for the theatre, and what he says is in such perfect accordance with the criticism implied in the remark by Schönberg I quoted that it is worth mentioning:

> The greater part of new theatre music suffers from the error that it repeats what is happening on the stage instead of attending to its peculiar task, that of expressing the state of mind of the personages during these events. Should the stage seek to give the illusion of a storm this event can be given reality through the eye. But almost all composers, however, will trouble themselves to describe the storm in tones which is not only an unnecessary and weakening repetition but at the same time a neglect of their task. The person on the stage will either be psychically influenced by the storm or their frame of mind will remain undistracted because of thoughts which make greater demands. The storm is visible and audible without the help of music; but what passes meanwhile in the souls of men, this, the invisible and inaudible is what is to be made understandable through music.

We can put this in fewer words, namely, that the obvious is not the province of the musician writing for the theatre. It is partly because Prokoviev in the recently played Suite of his " Egyptian Nights," which I praised warmly, had so happily avoided all obvious descriptions that his incidental music to " Antony and Cleopatra " could be successfully transferred to the concert hall. Music must remain music no matter for what conditions it is composed, and it may be said that programme music is rarely music.

Busoni's objection to " programme " music came from the same source as his objection to so-called " absolute " music. Of the latter he says:

> What the lawgivers mean thereby is perhaps the very furthest from the absolute in music. " Absolute music " is a formal play without poetic programme in which the form plays the chief rôle. But form itself is what stands most opposed to absolute music which received the divine commission to move and be free from the conditions of the material.

Busoni goes on to say that " absolute music " is something quite trivial and is a mere matter of note-making, of the relationship between tonic and dominant, of developments and codas, etc. We admire, he continues, Mozart the Seeker and the Finder, but not his tonic and dominant, his developments and codas. He also observes very justly that the chief difficulty that presents itself to the creative artist is to avoid letting his ideas fall from their original free conception in the mind into the formal grooves which are there so ready to receive them. It needs a constant vigilance on the part of the artist in every sphere to escape from this danger which is the source of so much insipid and banal work. The unfortunate thing is that while it is only the conscious intellect which can be aware of and thus elude the traps which the multitude of past forms strew in the path of the artist it is not possible by means of the intellect alone to do more than avoid these traps. The expression of musical or any other artistic idea is achieved in the sub-conscious; once it is made conscious it is already fixed in form and the intellect can only play superficial tricks so as to hide the tracks from the superficial hearer.

This is what happens in the case of so many modern composers, especially those of fine intellect such as Busoni and Schönberg. Their superior intelligence makes them more critical and more aware than the average composer of the clichés into which they are in danger of falling. The consequence is that they make desperate efforts to avoid the obvious but these efforts are only too apparent. It is for this reason that formal, academic musicians detest quite honestly the work of such men as Schönberg whose intellectual contortions in avoiding banalities they regard as revolutionary and hideous. Hideous they often are but not in the way the academicians think. It always makes a disagreeable effect to see anyone struggling to escape conventional expression, but it is a virtue in an artist to realise that there is no virtue in saying what has already been much better said a thousand times before.

"Who, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature?" is profoundly true; but it is also true that by taking thought many fatuous and banal statements may be avoided. We must honour men like Schönberg and Busoni for their fine intelligences and their intellectual passion above those who are too readily contented with the insignificances of their work. Their comparative failures also help us to appreciate better the degree of virtue and gift that go to make a true creative artist and to understand why his appearance is so comparatively rare.

Busoni's dictum that music should be concerned with the inner feelings of the personages on the stage is triumphantly confirmed by Grétry's opera *Zémire et Azor*, which Mr. Geoffrey Dunn produced—unfortunately for six days only—at the Fortune Theatre last week. This opera in four acts composed by Grétry in 1771 has for its libretto a fable by Marmontel which is one of those artificial yet charming supernatural semi-mythological contrivances fashionable in the eighteenth century.

A mere synopsis of the plot would make it appear devoid of all interest to a present-day audience. What Marmontel's text is like I do not know, never having read it; but on the stage with Grétry's music this artificial story with its enchanted Prince and enchanted Palace comes completely to life thanks to the truth and sensitiveness of the music which is human and expressive to such a degree that I claim *Zémire et Azor* to be a perfect little masterpiece.

It was written when Mozart was only fifteen years old and actually I prefer it to some of Mozart's earliest operas, even to *Il Sëraglio*. It is also an admirable example of the truth that Time does nothing to destroy the virtue of genuine works of art. *Zémire et Azor* remains as fresh, poignant and sweet to my ears as it must have sounded to those who first heard it. They may have been more struck than we are to-day by its musical invention, but the invention is still audible there and it sounds more original and personal than many of the compositions of the last twenty years. The essential virtue of the opera, however, lies in its observance of Busoni's precept that music on the stage should occupy itself with the inner feelings of the characters and that it has a special role in its power to give life and colour to the supernatural.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Wise Virgins" at Sadler's Wells

Ashton has turned from the vehement emotionalism of Liszt to the royal regimentation of Bach's cantatas, weaving upon that solid loom a web of Renaissance fancy which, diverse and even incongruous though its elements may be, conveys " that perfect essence of the effect which expresses reality." The movement throughout blends harmoniously, grouping set compositions and fluid ones. The central figures and the four subsidiary choruses of cherubs, angels, wise and foolish virgins, are as perfectly interwoven and adjusted as the music, beautifully scored by William Walton, and the decor and costumes in which Rex Whistler has blended his various materials with absorbingly delightful effect. The introductory drop-curtain is indeed so lovely that one prayed it would reappear in the finale as a background to the tragic poses of abandoned banishment struck by the foolish virgins, their dying flames quenched by the flaming swords of heavenly justice, wielded by cherubs. But then one would have missed the coronation of the bride, framed in the gate of heaven, while the wise virgins, each paired with an athletic angel, did homage below. The *rosa di Verona* marble of the

Palazzo contrasts with the grey stone of the caryatides; the bride's father is a solid Carpaccio Moor, the mother universal in draperies of lament; and prize of perfection, the bride, exquisitely danced by Margot Fonteyn, in whose delicate, almost mystic hand gestures and wonderful poses of abandon there is surely an intentional flavour of Eastern dance technique. The wanton and wilful behaviour of the foolish virgins forms a delightful counterpoint to the smooth lyricism of the wise ones, though perhaps their frolicsome hysteria was a little overdone and their multi-coloured draperies just too strident. If a further study of this free fantasia on the parable should reveal certain weaknesses it will far more certainly reveal a wealth of beautiful detail which it is impossible to grasp at one seeing. *The Wise Virgins* is one of the most perfect collaborations we have seen, and inspires to new ambitions instead of merely propping up the crumbling ruins of foreign magnificence.

"Give Us This Day," at the Torch Theatre Club

The Torch production of Mr. Walter Greenwood's play is remarkable for the fine acting of Mr. Edward Chapman in the part of a miner who cannot reconcile himself to unemployment and dependence. His final exit is the one genuinely dramatic point in a play which is too photographic and too monotonously drab to be really successful propaganda. It insists on being judged rather as a social document than as a play. The essential reactions of the characters are convincing enough. The uncomplaining miner's wife and the rebellious neighbour (particularly well acted by Hilda Bruce-Potter and Margery Rhodes) and the miner's son, ambitious for a more decent life and trapped like the others in the hell of short-time, rent arrears and the hire-purchase system, the nasty woman who makes a bit on the side out of everyone's misfortunes, the sponging old Irish woman, the bright young wife, putting the best face on it—all these are convincing enough members of a stricken community. Whether any Public Assistance Committee can really be as brutal as that depicted by Mr. Greenwood, no one in a well-dressed audience is likely to know. The chairman of the Committee explains its function of saving the rate-payers' money in a speech that echoes the Inquisitor in *St. Joan*, while fatally leaving out his charm and breadth of view. The effect of this act is one of exaggeration; Mr. Greenwood should have made one of the members of the Committee decent and soft-hearted if he wished the cruelty of their decisions to move his audience to pity and wrath. One other criticism. Can there be a mining village which in 1939—the play is dated by conscription and by wireless references to the coming war—was not fully aware of the Means Test and of the nature of Public Assistance? The play is well acted and well produced. As a document of tragedy and injustice it is essentially truthful; as a tragedy it is not successful.

A New "Comedy of Errors" at the Mercury Theatre

The Mercury Theatre has rounded off with farce its small discreet repertory of tragedy—*Murder in the Cathedral*—and comedy—*Mandragola*. The *New Comedy of Errors* avows the triple parentage of Plautus, Shakespeare and Molière, and one has reason for suspecting two other authors of an even more direct complicity. But why should one try to pierce an honourable anonymity? Those who know only Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* need anticipate neither its heavy comic *longueurs* nor its occasional lyrical beauties.

> Sing, Siren, for thyself and I will dote.
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
> And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
> And in that glorious supposition think
> He gains by death that hath such means to die . . .

Such extravagances as this would be as out of place as an orchid in a bunch of carrots. No, farce has ousted every other element, and the characters who have no genteel baggage to keep from soiling are extremely good. The identity of the Dromios, played by Gordon Gilmour and Wallas Eaton, is conveyed through an identity of almost choreographic mannerisms and, if one is distinctly better than the other, both are highly amusing and brilliantly made up. Angelo, the Levantine goldsmith, played by John Garside, and the Arab merchant, John Cadell, are also excellently played, and Holland Bennett is a very competent Colonial police-sergeant in a snowy uniform equally adapted to an eastern sun and a London blackout. Sylvia Read makes a real hit in the quite new part of Emmelina, a negress cook, whose charm would float her over a far more dangerous reef than that of having identical twins as simultaneous lovers. The last word is with her. The play is admirably staged and produced, and provides an excellent evening's entertainment. It is only to the two ladies that the costumier has not been kind. As they are frequently before us, could not their dresses be improved?

Sickert at the Leicester Galleries

Here are fifteen paintings by our greatest living British painter, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, and of whose work a retrospective exhibition might very appropriately be held this year in the National Gallery. To say that they are as good as anything he has done would be silly; to say that they make a good show is an understatement. Obviously the master can neither dig so deep nor realise so completely as he could and did. But, with a sure sense of his powers and the limitations imposed on them by the years, instead of attempting to repeat himself in weaker terms, he has elaborated a new style suited to the circumstances. Of this the big picture, *High Steppers*—a work of which anyone at any age might be proud—is a particularly happy example. The handling is light without being superficial, and the paint throughout is wonderfully vivacious. Consider that figure at the end of the row; consider the charmingly alert and subtly placed head, and the lifted leg brilliantly rendered in all its weight and tension; is it not worthy of Sickert at his greatest? If we do not call this, the largest picture in the exhibition, the best, it is because that high compliment must be reserved for 91 *Albion Road*.

Of late it has become a habit with Sickert to seek a point of departure in illustrations of old books and magazines. That he alters and develops the design to suit his purposes goes without saying. Nevertheless, it would seem that he is influenced by his sources of inspiration—more, perhaps, than he himself suspects. Thus, in Nos. 9, 14 and 15, where the point of departure was formless and trashy, the master has been unable, one must suppose, to arrive at a solid and satisfying design: indeed No. 9 (*Harriette Wilson*) remains what doubtless the original was, a bit of sheer nonsense. Whereas in No. 11—*Il Canareggio*—where what the artist started from was presumably a respectable eighteenth-century print, the design has been converted to a sketch of some splendour. But on this and other matters amateurs will form their own opinions, for it is inconceivable that any amateur should miss this exhibition.

The Montague Shearman Collection at the Redfern

There are a number of masterpieces in this exhibition: a more lovely Monet than the snow-scene here could not be discovered; two of the Utrillos, the *Maison orange* and *Montmartre*, represent a notoriously uneven painter at his most splendid; the two Matisse figure-pieces, the two Vuillards, the large Rouault, are similarly outstanding. But the show has a further interest: it is a collection assembled by one man; he was not very rich but he had a passion for painting and he was impelled to each purchase by this passion, with no concern for investment or current fashions. Almost every picture and drawing is in its sort conspicuously delightful, reflecting the refinements of sensuous pleasure and specially the *douceur de vie* of French civilisation. It is sad that the collection should be dispersed when it would have made so noble a monument to the collector, a monument that in the Ashmolean, for instance, might have excited others to emulate Mr. Shearman's example. But some of the finest paintings are in fact going to the Ashmolean and the Tate. Among the English painters represented are Sickert, Steer, Gertler, Matthew Smith, Duncan Grant, Ethel Walker, Derwent Lees, Spencer Gore, Roberts and Nina Hamnett. The elegant illustrated catalogue contains an introduction by Mr. St. John Hutchinson in which he appreciates the collection, and incidentally the collector, in language equally remarkable for good sense and for warmth of feeling.

The Chelsea Exhibition at 96 Cheyne Walk

In aid of the Finland Fund, this Exhibition takes a shilling from the visitor and offers him a rewarding miscellany of sights to gape at and pore over—pictures and fine furniture and relics. Thus there is a collection of views of Chelsea in the past, when it was a "village of palaces"; and a number of modern paintings and drawings, including works by Walter Greaves, Conder, Augustus John, William Nicholson, Steer, Ethel Walker, Beatrice Bland, Max Beerbohm and, among the younger generation, du Plessis, Daintrey, Devas, Appelbee and Frances Macdonald. The taste of the last Romanovs can be studied in an assembly of objects from the Imperial collection, many of them the work of Fabergé; and, most fascinating to the bookish, here are relics of Rossetti and Carlyle, a "Fascinator," that is a pretty sort of hood, belonging to Mrs. Gaskell, and locks of hair from the unrivalled collection of Lord Byron. Altogether the organisers are to be congratulated on giving the curious visitor more than his money's worth.

"It's a Date," at the Leicester Square Theatre

Deanna Durbin has been very lucky in her producer and director. The method is to take a familiar story (in her last it was *Cinderella*) and to use her happy blend of pertness and sentiment to give it a series of fresh and ingenious twists. *It's a Date* is the story of the actress's daughter who supplants her mother in her big role; the twists follow from the misunderstandings over whether it is the mother or the daughter who is being pursued by the Man. But the plot is nothing; the treatment, deft, light, persuasive and highly entertaining, is everything, and it succeeds by making the artificial seem as natural as every day. Deanna Durbin produces her fresh clear voice as easily as ever, although the quality of the songs she is given to sing deteriorates with each picture she makes. She has great charm and great talents, so much so that there is always the danger of her personality being over-exploited. In this picture the director meets the danger by elaborately and deliberately exploiting it. Kay Francis gives a polished, restrained performance as the mother; Walter Pidgeon is suitably natural as the Man; and one must mention Lewis Howard's supreme little moment as a dope fiend. We have only minor criticisms to make. Need the sets be so ugly? Must glycerine trickle, drop by drop, from Miss Durbin's eyes almost every time she sings? And wasn't the finale of the great first night with Durbin as a nun singing "Ave Maria" a bit beyond the veil?

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, May 5th—
C. E. M. Joad: "Some Experiences of Psychical Research," Conway Hall, 11. Concert by the Griller String Quartet, 6.30.

MONDAY, May 6th—
Paul Nash: "Surrealism," Morley College, 7.30.
Debate: "Should Socialists Support Federal Union?" For F. U. Barbara Wootton, for Socialist Party E. Hardy, Conway Hall, 7.30.
Berl Locker: "Palestine To-day," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 7.45. Admission 6*d*.

TUESDAY, May 7th—
Karlin Kapper-Johnson: "American Opinion and the War," Friends House, 1.20.
Sir John Orr: "National Food Requirements," Royal Institution, 5.15.
Dr. Karl Mannheim: "The Function of Social Groups," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30. And on May 14th and 21st.
Opening of Exhibition of Recent Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture by W. L. Stevenson, Architectural Assoc., 34 Bedford Square, W.C.1.
Season of Elizabethan plays, including "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Volpone," "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Till May 18th.
"Four Came to Supper," Playhouse.

WEDNESDAY, May 8th—
Douglas Woodruff: "Where Italy Stands," National Portrait Gallery, 5.30.
F. J. D. Dickins: "Where the Job Seeks the Man," 2 Keats Grove, N.W.3., 8.
Pianoforte Recital by Peter Stadlen, who will play works by Bartok and Wellesz hitherto unheard in this country. Wigmore Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, May 9th—
A Recital of Finnish Music in aid of Finnish Red Cross, St. Paul's Cathedral, 5.30.
London Philharmonic Orchestra, Tchaikovsky Centenary Concert, Conductor: Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Queens Hall, 7.30.

FRIDAY, May 10th—
Graham Pollard: "The Ownership of Newspapers," Birkbeck College, 5.30.
"Six Characters in Search of an Author," St. Pancras People's Theatre. And on May 11th, 17th and 18th.

Correspondence

OPINION IN THE U.S.A.

SIR,—A few weeks ago I was lunching in the company of a member of President's Roosevelt's Cabinet, who asked me how I had found American opinion in the course of a lecture tour in the United States. I replied that I had found it everywhere to be overwhelmingly hostile to Germany, intensely distrustful of England and extremely anxious to keep out of the war. He said that I was about right.

The distrust and suspicion of England are mainly, although not entirely, due to the fact that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is still Prime Minister and Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare are still Members of the British Government. England, Americans say, is still ruled by the "Men of Munich." Mr. Chamberlain is, if possible, still more unpopular in America than when I was here a year ago. It is admitted, for instance, that he made a good speech on March 19th, but nothing that he can say or do will change American opinion in his regard. His past will never be forgotten. Honesty obliges me to say that I consider the distrust of Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues to be justified, but it is carried to absurd lengths. For example, Mr. Drew Pearson and Mr. Robert S. Allen said in their column *The Washington Merry-Go-Round*—the title is well chosen—on March 15th that the British Government egged on Finland to resist Russia and then let her down. They also alleged that the Swedish Government twice offered to co-operate with an Allied expeditionary force and each time Mr. Chamberlain said that he would consider the matter! Mr. Pearson and Mr. Allen did not explain what possible object the British Government could have had in thus plotting the destruction of Finland.

The same allegation against the British Government is made by the "communazis," as the Communists have now been nicknamed in America, and they say in the same breath that the Russian attack on Finland was due to the fact that England was planning to use that country as a jumping-off ground for an attack on Russia They do not attempt to reconcile these two assertions. What the Communists say, however, is believed by nobody in America except the faithful themselves. The *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, on the other hand, is published in hundreds of papers all over the United States and I am afraid that a great many people believe what Mr. Pearson and Mr. Allen said, less because they said it than because Americans are ready to believe anything bad about the British Government.

The distrust of England is intensified by the propaganda obsession with which America is at present afflicted. That obsession, as Miss Dorothy Thompson recently said in an excellent article, makes its victims incapable of distinguishing between what is true and what is false. In fact there is much more German and other anti-Allied propaganda in America than Allied propaganda and the most dangerous anti-Allied propaganda is supplied by the British Government. One example of this was what the *New York Herald Tribune* in the title of its leading article on April 3rd called the "incredible Craigie speech," that is, the speech made by Sir Robert Craigie, British Ambassador to Japan, on March 27th. In the course of the article the *Herald Tribune* said:

> He said that in each country the actions of the other "have been vilified and misrepresented," which will be news to the British press. He said that misunderstanding had been "all too often fostered by the unwelcome attention of interested third parties." We cannot pretend to know whose ears should have burned at that point, but he left the Japanese free to apply it to all those who have tried to give the British moral support in their resistance to Japanese persecution in China, including most of the American press.

After quoting Sir Robert Craigie's remark that England and Japan were ultimately striving for the same objective, "namely, lasting peace and preservation of our institutions from extraneous, subversive influences," the *Herald Tribune* said:

> Now it is possible that to Sir Robert Craigie this may have sounded like an innocuous pleasantry; but to the Japanese and Chinese it can mean just one thing, namely, the official justification of the Japanese Army's adventure in China, and it suggests, moreover, as the Japanese were quick to note, British readiness to recognise the fruits of that adventure.

The *Herald Tribune* went on to say:

> Implied in this speech was such an astonishing repudiation of the consistent British attitude toward Japanese policy in China that it seemed unfair to accept the report of it and to comment on it until there was some news of the British reaction to it or until Sir Robert Craigie had had a chance to correct misinterpretations of his remarks if there were any. But, so far as we have observed, there have been no reactions and no corrections.

The paper said in conclusion that the Craigie speech "was incredible as it was reported: it is incredibly permitted to survive this long as an exposition of British policy in the Far East."

I have quoted this leading article at some length because without any doubt it represents American opinion on the subject. Sir Robert Craigie's speech and its tacit approval by the British Government have done immense harm to the Allied cause in America.

Now, however, a still worse blow at the Allied cause has been struck by the publication in America of Lord Lloyd's Fascist and clericalist manifesto, *The British Case*, with an introduction by Lord Halifax. Lord Lloyd's position is substantially that of Father Coughlin and the "Christian Front," some of whose members are now on trial on a charge of sedition. Nobody believes that the British Foreign Secretary could have given his approval and imprimatur to this astonishing document without the consent of the Cabinet or at least of the Prime Minister, and it is accepted here as an official statement of the British case. It has thrown the friends of England in America into consternation. I have spoken about it to Americans, to Englishmen and to Frenchmen and they all agreed with me that it would do more harm to the Allied cause in America than all the Communist, Nazi and other avowed anti-Allied propaganda put together. It plays into the hands of every enemy of the Allies in the United States. The British case, as set forth by Lord Lloyd with the approval of the British Foreign Secretary, is exactly what the Communists have been declaring it to be. We have been refuting the Communist arguments and Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd have stabbed us in the back.

Three measures are necessary to repair the mischief that has been done: the formal repudiation of the theses of Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd by the British Government, the resignation of Lord Halifax and the withdrawal of this publication from circulation in America. More than that, however, is necessary to remove the distrust and suspicion of England in the United States, which are in danger of developing into hostility. I shall never change my opinion that the "policy of appeasement" which culminated at Munich has led us into the present war. But my own desire is a victory for the Allies and, if I thought that the continuance in office of the present Prime Minister and the other "Men of Munich" would contribute to an Allied victory, I would give them my wholehearted support.

Unhappily, it is an obstacle to an Allied victory, for it is making us distrusted not only in the United States but in every neutral country. The diplomatic representative of a small western European country said in Paris last summer: "Nobody will trust you so long as Mr. Chamberlain remains Prime Minister." A friend of mine, who was at Stockholm during the Russo-Finnish war, urged a member of the Swedish Government to allow the Allied troops to cross Sweden and pointed out that England and France would defend Sweden in the event of a German attack. The reply of the Swedish Minister was: "What about Czechoslovakia? What about Poland?" It seems to me that the question is this: which do Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare put first—the welfare of their country and the Allied cause, or their own *amour propre*?

ROBERT DELL

New York.

DAILY WORKER

SIR,—We do not quite see why John Strachey, who is in no way connected with the *Daily Worker*, should write to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in order to disassociate himself from our attitude to the war and the events in Scandinavia. Perhaps he has his own private reasons. His letter will undoubtedly be duly recorded by certain authorities.

If Strachey's letter is intended to announce a change of political allegiance, we may be permitted to remark that it is only one of many, as those who remember his Mosley New Party days will recall. But this time he is in such indecent haste that he falls into ridiculous mis-statements from which he could have been saved by the exercise of a little care.

Repeating the pro-German slanders spread against us by Government circles, Strachey attempts to build a case on the allegation that "on the day after the German invasion," we went to "the fantastic lengths of refusing to report that invasion at all." Strachey is only making a fool of himself. The story of the invasion was given in considerable detail on April 10, when we printed a ten-inch report on page four under the two column heading of "Hour by Hour Story of Occupation."

Strachey says that examples of our apologetics for the German Imperialists could be multiplied. He has failed to produce any at all. The *Daily Worker* contains no apologetics for imperialism, neither the British nor the Germany variety. Permit us to quote from five consecutive leading articles of the week under review.

> "Scandinavia may yet become the battleground of rival powers. We join with the Norwegian people in their demand for peace and neutrality." (April 9, written before the German occupation.)
>
> "All considerations of international law have been thrown aside by the contending powers. The law of the jungle reigns supreme. There is no way out except by the fight of the working class against the warmongers of all countries." (April 10).
>
> "But what needs to be known the people know already. Their lives are in danger. The phase of active struggle between Germany and the Allies has begun." (April 11).
>
> "But the people are not helpless. They are all-powerful if they act unitedly. They can defeat the plans of the warmongers, the imperialists of Britain, France and Germany, who are waging this war for world supremacy and against the interests of the people." (April 12).
>
> "The British anti-war fighters are fighting

alongside their German comrades for the ending of the war. Just as their fight is against Hitler so is ours against Chamberlain." (April 13).

We know, of course, what Strachey really wants to say. He objects to our attacks on British Imperialism; criticisms of Chamberlain are apologetics for Hitler. Thus he casually admits that it is an imperialist war, but then adds (in brackets!) that "because of the special character of Fascism, I do not agree that the British workers have no interest in the question of which group of imperialists is victorious." This is Strachey's sneaking way of saying that in this imperialist war, the British workers should abandon their own aims and fight for Chamberlain.

Here we get the real difference between the *Daily Worker* and Strachey, the explanation of why he is using the Scandinavian events to wriggle out of the views he embraced during his period as a "near-Communist." Strachey throws in his lot with the British Imperialists, while the *Daily Worker* continues the working-class struggle for the ending of imperialism and the victory of Socialism.

It is certainly correct that we concentrate our fight against the Chamberlain-Churchill gang, that we exposed their hypocrisy over Norway and revealed that they had long planned the violation of Scandinavian neutrality. At that moment, when British Imperialism was whitewashing itself and trying to stampede the people with a new outburst of hate propaganda, we refused to subordinate ourselves to the Ministry of Information, we also refused to balance delicately between two rival imperialisms: we followed the policy of Lenin and Liebknecht and attacked our own ruling gang.

Strachey loftily reproves us for drawing attention to the aggressive role of British imperialism and foretelling further acts of aggression. Such historical realities are distasteful. How much better it would be to wag a reproachful finger at Hitler and Chamberlain alike! After which one could safely come down on the side of our "own" Imperialism. Strachey wants us to abandon Marxism for abstract moralising. Left Book Club philosophers, who wish to avoid the path of action, may content themselves with generalisations about the wickedness of all capitalists, but working class fighters must judge the line of fight and where to strike the hardest blows. Ours are directed against the enemy nearest to us, Chamberlain and Co.

This line of working class policy was at one time advocated by Strachey himself, although he is now one of the first to characterise it as pro-German, when he has to face in action the logic of his own writings.

Under the guise of a sorrowful analysis of the motives of the *Daily Worker* Editorial Board, Strachey contrives to launch a vulgar and silly attack on the peace policy of the Soviet Union. If, by supporting this policy, we are "giving way to Hitler" (the warmongers' stock-in-trade argument against all advocates of peace), the inference is that the Soviet Union is pro-Hitler. This is unadulterated Chamberlain propaganda.

The Soviet Union pursues a policy of Socialist neutrality. It has not given way a single inch either to Hitler or to Chamberlain. On the contrary, it has taken a few inches off both of them: it has limited the area of the war, strengthened its Socialist frontiers and sent its peace call echoing through the world. If Hitler, as long ago as last August, discovered that the Red Army was too tough a nut to crack and consequently signed a non-aggression pact, while Chamberlain still hankers after an anti-Soviet war, and even believes that one day he will again rope in Hitler, that is hardly the fault of the *Daily Worker*. But it certainly explains why the Soviet Government often addresses sharp words to London, and why the *Daily Worker* which is not so "utterly irresponsible" as to share Strachey's calm resignation to years of imperialist war, urges a united fight now in order to end the war, and calls on the people to work in the closest possible co-operation with the great Soviet Union.

WILLIAM RUST,
Editorial Board.

Daily Worker,
Nelson Place,
Cayton Street, E.C.1.

SIR,—Mr. Gollancz should make no mistake about it: Moscow really has become the be-and-end-all of the Communists; it really is Moscow right or wrong. But an awful lot of twaddle is talked about the mechanism of Communist mentality. From the Right it's either Moscow gold or Moscow orders, and from themselves it's all a question of dialectics, analysis of the "set up" of Imperialism and what they are pleased to call "democracy." Here in Cambridge we get our bellyful of super-acrobatic intellectualism and special pleading. At the Leeds Students' Congress, which—for reasons best known to yourself—you thought fit to eulogise, they popped up and down with prearranged monotony, analysing, synthesising, calling themselves "Socialists," and "Democrats" and bandying "freedom" about.

The only honest Communist I have ever heard—honest with himself and honest with us—came out with these words at the Union here last November. "Our loyalty is to the working class: it is not to the nation. We *believe* that the regime in Moscow is the regime of the working class and represents it. It is our government: its gains are our gains: its losses our losses. But Moscow has learned one thing from your Imperialists. It has learned the lessons of "divide and rule." It will keep Europe divided—and it will rule. This has nothing to do with orders or money or dialectics. It is an act of Faith, Idolatry, call it what you will. If we realise that Moscow's power is their final measure and criterion—just as "Germany" is the Nazis' ultimate standard—most things fall into place.

We see among other things why they must work to prevent or delay an Allied victory; why they must keep Germany "going" and attempt to undermine Anglo-French morale; why the prospect of European Federation is simply a nightmare for them. Europe must be kept divided: she must be laid prostrate, be bled white in internecine strife: whereafter Moscow will rule.

J. M. WEINER
Cambridge.

[We did not "eulogise" the Leeds Conference. Critic "discussed" its significance.—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

SIR,—Mr. Strachey and Mr. Gollancz both seem to be making efforts to stem the tide of Communist opinion, and action to the effect that the U.S.S.R. is a glorious system to be encouraged, imitated, and obeyed.

As a close student for a long time of Left Book Club work and not converted to Socialism or Communism, conversion to which latter Mr. Gollancz evidently thinks may result from such work, it seems clear enough to me that these two men have been sowing the wind with the utmost vigour and ability and that now they are complaining of the draught.

Mr. Gollancz after asking four excellent and pertinent questions says, "I have nothing further to say." What a lame ending! Is he afraid to defend himself against the attacks of the savage and impressionable sheep he has gulled and shepherded so long, just because they have taken him at his word and developed sharp teeth?

T. P. H. BEAMISH

SIR,—It is useless for Mr. Strachey and Mr. Gollancz to accuse the Communist Party of wishing Hitler to win this war. Hitler *can't* win: success or defeat would both mean high casualty lists, which, together with Soviet propaganda, would mean his instant revolutionary overthrow. But the Anglo-French bourgeoisie *can* win, and this would mean the suppression of revolution in Germany and Central Europe and preparations for a new crusade against the U.S.S.R. Hence the Communists don't join in vulgar Rothermere shouting against Hitler, but concentrate their fire against the main enemy, the Anglo-French bourgeoisie, realising that although Hitler may have done wickeder deeds than the umbrella men (which I'm willing to admit, despite India), they have the *power* to do more harm than he to the cause of world revolution. Incidentally, I'm not a party member, and this may not be the party line, but it's how things appear to me.

2 New Square,
Cambridge.

F. H. C. SHREWSBURY

[If there was indeed no danger of Hitler winning this war, then indeed the party line would be intelligible and would command many more adherents. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ARAB NATIONALISM

SIR,—In your issue of April 20th "a responsible Arab nationalist" asks for a federation of all territories inhabited by what he calls the "Arab nation," comprising the whole of Northern Africa and Western Asia, except Turkey. The acute rivalry between the various genuine Arab states, and the distinct national consciousness of the Egyptians do not disturb his dream: the only obstacles he perceives are the Jews and their claims in Palestine. Other minorities he ignores. The Jews now in Palestine are to be allowed some measure of communal autonomy; but not one more Jewish immigrant is to enter. For the writer the Jews have no closer connection with Palestine than with Timbuctoo.

At any rate the writer does not reproduce the well-worn tales about "Arab displacement," "landless Arabs," and "Arab fears," which form Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's stock in trade. The only thing that bothers the "Arab nationalist" is that a Jewish State would form a wedge between his federation in Asia and Africa. But if the Arab problem is to be envisaged as a whole, so must be the world problem of Jewry.

The Arab territories of Asia comprise about 1,200,000 square miles. If the claim to Northern Africa is admitted, many hundreds of thousands square miles of habitable land are added. Of these territories, few are fully developed. If all these countries are Arab and have a joint population of 70 millions, there is enough here to satisfy the Arab's

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appetite for work, and to secure their future greatness, even if they allow room for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine.

Throughout the countries of Dispersion, the Jewish people have looked upon Palestine as their national home and had faith in their ultimate return; nor is this belief alien to the Christian world. The historic connection of the Jew with Palestine is at the root both of Zionism and of the Balfour Declaration. This it is which gives the movement its inspiration and its strength. The fruits are seen in Jewish effort and achievement in Palestine. To ignore these factors is as idle as it would be to ignore the presence of Arabs in Palestine.

Historic tradition is one element in Zionism; the homelessness and distress of the Jewish people in the Dispersion is another. In 1939 there were millions of Jews in Central and Eastern Europe anxious to emigrate; at the end of the war there will be millions uprooted. Are they to be replanted, unwilling and unwanted, or are as many as possible to be re-settled where the oldest national idea in the world, with an unbroken tradition of three thousand years, leads them? The British Government may tear the Mandate to shreds, but the Jewish connection with Palestine is not theirs to make or unmake. All nations, including the Arabs, will have to face the Jewish question, and its historic connection with Palestine.

What the Jews desire is room in Palestine for large numbers of Jewish immigrants—land and men for a Jewish Commonwealth. The Arabs desire to establish their unity and independence. Could not the two aims be realised through joint action based on an agreed programme? The "Arab nationalist" overlooks the tangled web of European interests covering the Near East and the complication which an unsolved Jewish problem would add to it. But if the Arabs were to give scope for a solution of the Jewish question through Palestine, they would gain an asset which would open the way to their own goal. The stars in their courses would work in favour of a joint Arab-Jewish programme. Why not try to reach an agreement? B. LOCKER.

22 Downing Court, W.C.1.

THE KEYNES PLAN

SIR,—J. B.'s letter may produce confusion where none was intended. The problem of who really pays for the war (i.e., from whom comes the real sacrifice) and the Chancellor's problem of raising money to pay for the war are directly related. In wartime the amount of wealth available for home consumption (e.g., butter) is reduced; yet the total amount of wealth produced (e.g., butter, guns and corsets for Spanish ladies) is increased. There are less goods for consumers at home to buy; yet they have more money to buy them with. Unless the consumers compulsorily or voluntarily give up (permanently by taxation or temporarily by saving) a much greater proportion of their income than they did in peacetime, the prices of these consumption goods will rise. In other words inflation will reduce the real value of consumers' spending. It is generally agreed by Socialists that inflation is "a bad thing" because it makes the poorer sections of the community "really pay." It is also condemned on all sides for producing the "vicious spiral." In order to prevent inflation it is necessary for the Chancellor to remove by taxation and borrowing a much larger proportion of the total of everyone's money incomes. This is part of the problem of raising money to pay for the war. If he does it by taxes on tobacco and the sale of clothing he places the burden of paying for the war more on working-class shoulders than if he raises income-tax to 10*s.* in the £. If he adopts the Keynes' Plan he distributes the burden more fairly than if he lets things slide.

However, the budget makes it obvious that the Chancellor intends a considerable measure of inflation, for he is hoping for over £1,000 million to be saved *voluntarily* out of everyone's incomes during the coming year and this is a fantastic amount to expect without the aid of inflation. As inflation with its "vicious spiral" has been denounced by industrialists, the Chancellor, and the Trade Unions, it might seem surprising that the budget has not met with greater opposition. The truth may be that none of the three dislike inflation (of the cantering variety, of course) as much as they pretend. The real property of the industrialists will increase in money-value and profitability as prices rise. Voluntary saving and E.P.D. from the inflation-profiteer is a much more comfortable policy for the Chancellor than forced loans, family allowances and heavier direct taxation. And (most sinister) the fact that well-organised workers will succeed in raising their money earnings as prices rise while badly organised workers fail, may strengthen trade-unionism considerably. If this last reason explains the apathy with which the Labour Party leaders accept this inflationary budget, surely they are short-sighted. For though the inflation will for a time make the rentier, middle-class, pensioner and badly organised workers really pay for the war, it will bring home the truth of the argument of the vicious spiral and in the end the Government will almost be popular when it suppresses the "unpatriotic and profiteering trade-unions." R. C. LYNESS

3 Vyvyan Terrace,
Bristol, 8.

DR. GOEBBELS

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of April 13th included in its "largely derisory" "This England" column a sentence wrested from its context in an article of mine in *Time and Tide* of April 6th. I was thus made to say, "Dr. Goebbels is the supreme intellectual of our age," as though conferring a compliment on the Propaganda Minister instead of, as was clear from the context, pointing him out as an example of intellect divorced from a sense of responsibility.

Would you allow me, therefore, to make clear the sense in which I used the word "intellectual" by quoting the rest of the paragraph from which that sentence was taken:

". . . He (Goebbels) is fond of stigmatising the politically indifferent intelligentsia with being 'uprooted,' lacking in deep feeling, because of their boasted 'emotional detachment from the herd.' But there is no better example of uprooted detachment, shrewdly exploited, than Dr. Goebbels himself, able to assume all moods because he feels none profoundly. . . ." And elsewhere: "Such a man will always overreach himself, nullify the effect of his own blandishment, you conclude? That is where we deceive ourselves. . . . When the battleship *Bismarck* was launched at Hamburg early last year not a single cheer greeted the arrival of Goebbels. Yet the little group of anti-Nazi workmen in Berlin to whom I afterwards described the incident assured me that, despite their discontent and scepticism of his main arguments, a large mass of workers come to believe, from sheer force of repetition, some of his assertions."

In "A London Diary" in your issue of April 13th, "Critic" expounded the purpose of your *That Germany* column as follows:

> Merely to make fun of the Nazis is too easy to be worth doing and, what is far more serious, might strengthen the delusion that the doctrines of National Socialism can be laughed out of existence. . . .

That was one of the points which I sought to establish in my article, "Learning from Goebbels." I would not burden your readers with this explanation but for the fact that the single sentence quoted with my name appended in your funny column might lead those who had not read my article to conclude that I was a sympathiser with the Nazi movement. BERNARD CAUSTON

OUR NOBLE ARMY

SIR,—Mr. Speller's letter in your issue of April 27th emphasises the doubts already felt as to the organisation of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.A.F. Inquiry of any woman with previous business or professional experience, now in these forces, will generally produce well-grounded complaints as to the "utter inefficiency" of a high percentage of senior and junior officers.

The Territorial Associations who elected society women to these positions last year did so on the assumption that Lady So-and-So's name as Commandant would give a fillip to recruiting in her home area, and that her experience in running local activities would prove useful in the larger field of the army and air force units. They might have borne in mind that (*a*) it has not hitherto been found necessary to publicise Lord So-and-So's presence in a regiment to persuade the grocer's boy or the tram conductor to enlist, and that it is almost an insult to the average woman to suppose her wish to serve dictated by an interest in titles; and (*b*) that no amount of previous voluntary work handling small local groups will compensate for the professional experience on a large scale which is absolutely essential if these units are to be of practical value.

I am in full agreement with what Mr. Speller says as to the need of such women of vast administrative experience as the matrons of our large hospitals, but as we can hardly take them from their own vital work we might well utilise the long experience of women such as factory supervisors and the staff supervisors and manageresses of the big department stores. These women are not only accustomed to dealing with numbers, but also to guiding those numbers to give the best possible result for work and time.

I have no doubt that the society women in official positions in the A.T.S. work devotedly, but they have not the capacity to manage an extensive semi-military organisation, and it is sheer waste of public money to let the present position continue.

The need for economy is stressed daily, and if we are not to see the large sums being spent on the staffs of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.A.F. justified by efficient results, the *raison d'être* of such bodies becomes incomprehensible, and the energies of the rank and file should be turned into more useful channels. C. B. MOFFAT

168 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

TIME IS ON OUR SIDE

SIR,—In ten years' time most of our political leaders will have died of old age, and the leaders of Germany will be nearly as old as ours are now. We may then hope that the initiative will pass to us and we will win the war. H. A. SISSON

P.S.—I would like you to note that this is a perfect example of what a letter to the press should be when the country is at war and paper is scarce: it is short and pointed, besides showing that nice blend of optimism and grim determination, which our front-benchers are at such pains to recommend.

16 Market Street,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

THE NEW FRENCH DECREE

SIR,—We wish to protest as strongly as we can against the new French decree which makes the propagation of Communist and "defeatist" opinions an offence punishable by death. It is unnecessary to labour the wide gulf which separates these repressive measures from the principles for which it is said the present war is being fought. We are convinced that the world cannot be saved from Nazism and the barbarous repression which that term implies by imitating the standards and the methods of that abhorred regime.

We urge that the French Government should realise the profound distress that has been caused amongst the British public by this decree and that the British Government should press for its withdrawal.

Signed by:

HARRISON BARROW
ALBERT D. BELDEN
RUTLAND BOUGHTON
G. D. H. COLE
ARTHUR J. CUMMINGS
FARINGDON
E. M. FORSTER
A. RUTH FRY
C. E. M. JOAD
HEWLETT JOHNSON
HAROLD J. LASKI
H. LEVY
HENRY W. NEVINSON
OLIVIER
J. B. PRIESTLEY
D. N. PRITT
A. MAUDE ROYDEN
EVELYN SHARP
G. BERNARD SHAW
SYBIL THORNDIKE
CHARLES TREVELYAN
H. G. WELLS
AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

SCRAP IRON AND STEEL

SIR,—On my daily journey of some twenty-five miles by train to London, I see lying derelict in the back gardens and yards of a great many small houses two large curved sheets of what seems to be corrugated iron or steel. Here and there they are arranged to form jardinières, dog kennels, chicken runs, or bicycle sheds. An attempt appears to have been made to dispose of about a quarter of them by unskilled burial. Would it not be simple and profitable to collect this disregarded junk, and a sensible preliminary to the suggested destruction of our railings and so on? DAVID MURRAY

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W.C.2.

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Current Literature

TWO GERMAN SOCIALISTS

Rosa Luxemburg. By PAUL FROEHLICH. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

Autobiography of a German Rebel. By TONI SENDER. *Routledge. 7s. 6d.*

The other day Mr. James Southworth in a letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION argued that there was a profound division between Eastern and Western civilisation, and that, since Germany was Eastern in character it was useless to attempt to force her into the Western world. These two books, one the biography, the other the autobiography of a woman Socialist leader, are interesting contributions to this controversy. Both failed in their aims. The failure of Miss Sender was that of a Socialist pacifism peculiar to Western Europe: the failure of Rosa Luxemburg marked the end of an attempt to make Germany a part of the Russian Bolshevik revolution.

Consider first Rosa Luxemburg, spiritual leader of the German revolutionary Left since that day in 1893 when she jumped up on her chair at the Zurich Conference of the International to denounce the nationalism of the Pilsudski group in the Polish Socialist Party. She was then 23, a stumpy, sharp-faced Jewess from Lublin, lamed by hip-disease and talking German with a Polish accent. Daughter of a westernised timber-merchant, she had received a good education and at the age of 19 had gone to Zurich University where she met the revolutionary students from Russia, and became a brilliant exponent of theoretical Marxism. Then with Leo Jogiches, a wealthy Jew from Vilna, she had built the Polish Social-Democratic Party as a wing of the Russian Social-Democrats, working not for Polish independence but for the destruction of Tsarism. But her ambitions were too large for Poland. The key to world revolution lay in Germany and, obtaining German citizenship by a technical marriage—her affections were reserved for Jogiches—she moved to Dresden, capital of the red kingdom of Saxony, and was soon the most brilliant journalist, speaker and theorist of that Left-wing circle, which included Karl Liebknecht, Mehring and Clara Zetkin and was later to become the Spartakusbund, the kernel of the German Communist Party.

Victor Gollancz is to be congratulated on his courage in making Paul Froelich's Life of Luxemburg a Left Book Club choice. For the first time English readers have an opportunity of studying the woman who in force of intellect and revolutionary zeal was the peer of Lenin. Rosa Luxemburg was undoubtedly one of the greatest women of her age. A poet by nature, she became a distinguished social scientist as well as a revolutionary leader, and in her long periods of prison life studied ornithology and botany as well as writing the lyrical letters which brought her fame. To her enemies—and she fought ruthlessly both inside and outside the party—she was "bloody Rosa." To her friends and especially to their children, she was a serene personality, utterly different from Lenin whose devotion to revolution excluded all private life. No wonder she appalled the stolid German Trade Union leaders who appreciated her severe humanity as little as her political violence.

Very wisely, Paul Froelich has not limited his biography to personalities but has given us a conspectus of the Left Revolutionary movement through the 1905 revolution and the World War to the murder of Luxemburg in January, 1919. Himself a Spartakist, he writes in wholehearted support of his leader, both in her controversies and in her actions, but his exposition provides all the material for an objective examination of the movement as a whole.

From the first, Rosa Luxemburg was in violent disagreement with the Trade Union and political leadership of the Party, both in France and Germany. She quarrelled not only with the old Bebel, and the outspoken Right-wingers, like Ebert, Scheidemann, Leipart, but with Jaurès and Kautsky and even with the later "Independents." With all the passion of her subject Jewish race and her subject Polish nationality, she challenged the fundamental principles of Western Social-Democracy, and introduced into German politics the atmosphere and the philosophy of that revolutionary amalgam of devoted intelligentsia and primitive mass violence which was Russian Marxism.

> Rosa Luxemburg was a Russian-Polish revolutionary and the conditions under which she developed were similar to those which prevailed in Germany prior to the March Revolution of 1848. . . . This situation enabled her to appreciate the revolutionary principle in Marxism, and *to see the Western European situation from an angle completely beyond the scope of the indigenous bureaucrats.*

What Paul Froelich describes as her strength was her greatest failing. In controversy with Lenin about the Russian situation she was incomparably the acutest thinker of her age—witness her prophetic critique in 1918 of the Bolshevist terror and the danger of bureaucracy. But her influence on German Social-Democracy was disastrous because her finest qualities and her acutest perceptions were utterly un-Western. The "indigenous bureaucrats" of Britain, France and Germany were no match for her in argument, but they understood western society and the western working man better than she could ever hope to do. They knew that the policies she advocated were tragically Utopian in the West, however efficacious they were in the areas untouched by Liberalism and Democracy. By "Russianising" the extreme Left in Germany, Rosa Luxemburg actually prevented the revolution to which she devoted her life.

This sounds a hard saying, but it is substantiated on every page of Paul Froelich's apologia. As a Polish Jew Rosa Luxemburg naturally felt that:

> National States and Nationalism are empty vessels into which each epoch and the class relations in each particular country pour their particular material content.

But the Swiss, or Swedish or French or British worker to whom national unity has brought solid, inalienable rights, will not accept this in practice though he applauds it in conference. The nation to him is a real unity in which he has a part. Again Rosa Luxemburg, learning from Tsarist despotism could believe:

> What presents itself to us in the cloak of bourgeois legality is *nothing but the expression of class violence* raised to an obligatory norm.

and could assert that:

> Social Democracy may come forward as a governmental party *only on the ruins* of the bourgeois State.

Such phrases, which had a content of passionate meaning in Russia or Poland, were mere phraseology to solid, respectable trade unionists in Western Europe who knew perfectly well that law was not merely the expression of class-violence and did not in the least desire to see bourgeois society in ruins. So, too, with her profoundly moving philosophy of mass-violence and the political strike. In the East there were still "the masses," an undifferentiated crowd of oppressed humanity: and they could still be roused to the inchoate, terrifying violence of the political strike against an ill-organised, corrupt and medieval State machine. In the West a modernised State and social services were rapidly turning the masses into individual working men and women imbued with the ethic of democracy. Rosa Luxemburg's intellectual fervour made her blind to these changes in the social and political structure of the West. She saw Germany through Eastern eyes, pictured France as though the Revolution had never occurred and made no attempt at all to understand Britain. A highly sophisticated mind rationalised the primitive humanity and hatreds of Poland into a Marxist philosophy and then applied it relentlessly to countries where it had no relevance. When Germany refused to go Bolshevik in 1918, she attributed it to "the slavish attitude of the German proletariat." It never occurred to her that precisely the opposite might be true: the German worker had won a social position where Bolshevism seemed not a liberation but a terror.

This is not to decry the qualities of Rosa Luxemburg. In her environment she was pre-eminent; it was the transplantation which caused the ruin of her plans. If R. H. Tawney had been let loose on the Russian working-class movement his influence would have been negligible or disastrous; why not frankly admit the same of Rosa Luxemburg in Germany?

It is perhaps unfair to compare Toni Sender with Rosa Luxemburg. But the comparison is, nevertheless, instructive, for Miss Sender represents that type of I.L.P. radicalism which talks of the barricades with the voice of angels. Born in Frankfurt-am-Main, the daughter of a wealthy Jewish business man, she had the courage before 1914 to seek a business career and, even more remarkable, to take part in organising the black-coated workers. Soon business took her to Paris and the most charming chapter of her book describes her experiences with the Paris Socialists and her meetings with Jaurès just before the World War broke out. Unwillingly Miss Sender returned to Germany, remained a pacifist and joined the Independent Socialists when they broke with the Majority Socialists on the war-issue. Curiously enough, the experiences of 1918 have not taught her much. Having done their best to undermine resistance by assuring the Germans that the Allies would impose a "just" peace, the Independents were naturally dismayed by the Armistice terms. But they should have blamed their own wish-fulfilment as well as the Allied generals for that. As it was Miss Sender and her colleagues found themselves caught between the fire of the more realistic Majority Socialists who wanted to prevent the disintegration of Germany and the Spartakists who wanted peace not for pacifist but for revolutionary reasons. She gives an excellent impression of the confusion of the November revolution seen from the viewpoint of a City Councillor, but does not seem to understand that it was the shilly-shallying of her own party which was largely responsible for its failure; and when she comes to the Kapp Putsch discreetly omits to discuss the refusal of the Independents to co-operate in the Labour Government which might have saved the Republic. Locarno brought a peaceful atmosphere in which Miss Sender's excellent parliamentary abilities could flourish and she has some interesting pages on fiscal policy which recall vividly the strength and weakness of Weimar democracy. But in 1930 the age of violence returned and once again it was clear that pacifist radicalism, in spite of all its phrases, is no match for Fascists. In March 1933 she escaped into Czechoslovakia and now feels herself entirely at home in the U.S.A. An illuminating, but discouraging book. How much better if the Labour Book Service had decided to translate Otto Braun's reminiscences. They would have given English readers a sense of the solidity and stolid integrity of German Social Democracy. The dignified self-effacement of the Socialist premier of Prussia is more impressive than Miss Sender's nervous vivacity.

She was merely the froth of Socialism, indigenous, unlike Rosa Luxemburg, but unworthy to represent either the strength or the weakness of the German Labour Movement.

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HERBERT JENKINS

FATHER TO THE MAN

The Backward Son. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *The Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

Of the several ways in which one can group writers, one is to divide them into those who work from the outside, imposing on the material of the everyday world the artist's order, and those who, working from the inside, filter every impression through the mesh of their own personality. Among our contemporaries, if Mr. Auden, with his schoolboy passion for collecting, belongs to the first group, Mr. Spender belongs pre-eminently to the second. He creates, lives in and works from a private world into which he takes up material to make of it the idiosyncratic furniture of his own mind. So Hoelderlin, Rilke and the deaf Beethoven are artists with whom he has a special sympathy, and he often expresses a felow-feeling with the dotty. At other stages of history, indeed, it is easy to imagine him lapsing into the ultimate privacy of madness; in our political age he provides instead the sharpest kind of "criticism of life." For the circle of his private world overlaps a wider area of life than it transcends and lights up aspects of it we should otherwise miss.

In *The Backward Son*, an account of a year in the childhood of a boy of eleven, Mr. Spender creates the vision of a circle of hell which, even if we did not endure it with the same intensity as his child, we nevertheless recognise as having truthfully existed behind or parallel with our own childhood. Even those who were happy at that age will recollect the layer of horror from which they may have been divided—but only by the thinnest of teguments, so that in all probability they will never entirely escape the anxiety which its presence produced.

Read in this way *The Backward Son* is a fable about the horrors of the bourgeois family and the private boarding school. Geoffrey Brand leaves home for a new school, weighed down already with a sense of his own failure. The very insistence, half jocular, with which his father asserts that he does not regard his son as *really* backward—is sure that he won't let the family down, will prove as brilliant and clever as his father and his brothers—results in robbing the son of the confidence necessary to keep alive in the barbaric tribal existence of an English preparatory school. Holidays follow terms, terms holidays, until Geoffrey's beloved younger brother arrives at the school, and then comes a diabolic attempt to drive a division between the brothers and so snap the last link which keeps the boy alive. The death of the boys' mother, which rescues them from the school, provides the ending for the book. On this thread are strung the variety of vivid portraits—the stagey, pompous political father; the beefy headmaster with his seedy Public Schoolism; the refined pedantic school-matron; the hard, hateful little head of the school; the younger brother with his calm assured beauty.

Read in another way, *The Backward Son* is thinly veiled autobiography and describes the methods by which a peculiarly awkward, sensitive, gullible child provides himself with a set of his own defences to compensate for his inability to fit into the standard pattern which is handed him by his elders. At times it is intensely painful, so certainly does the failure of sympathy in father, headmaster, or the boy's school-fellows wreck the possibilities of happiness; at times extremely moving, as when the poet's insight builds up the fragile image of the excitement and the bathos of family Christmas. In this book Mr. Spender develops that talent for acute psychological observation which was a distinguishing mark of his volume of short stories; and of which this is an example:

> All popularity, and conversely unpopularity, is based on the audacity of some characteristic in a person, which assumes the quality of a leadership his companions either follow or resist . . . each had some point of rest and balance which took him beyond even the fear of his companions, and therefore made his companions, in spite of their egotism, sympathise with or fight him, but at least respect him. . . . Geoffrey was isolated because he had no point of balance which was apparent to the other boys . . . his independence consisted in being moody or lonely which only provoked Miss Higgins into saying: "In a brown study, again, Brand?" The things about which Geoffrey had an audacity which carried him beyond himself were his love of literature, his ambition, his religion and, on the other hand, his desire to sin. . . .

This kind of psychological observation which, in the stories in *The Burning Cactus* often led into obscurity, is here very much more skilfully handled, and, combined with a controlled and vivid imagery, it makes *The Backward Son* a fascinating document of our time. The novel is nowadays a convenient form for all kinds of writing which might formerly have gone into verse, reporting or reminiscence. Mr. Spender in this account of what one can scarcely avoid suspecting as his own childhood has produced a kind of book which is very symptomatic of our time. Neither wholly a novel, nor wholly an autobiography, it combines the objectivity of the one and the self-revelation of the other; but by its composite nature it falls short of completeness—and this inability of our generation either to use the old forms or to create new ones cannot be blamed entirely on the age. *The Backward Son* is, then, a compromise. Its fault is that, caught between two forms, it moves too much on different planes, now inside the chief character's mind, now viewing it from the outside. Its great merit—apart from the vivid creation of atmosphere which one would expect from Mr. Spender—is its candour. And that candour compels our belief in an experience which we might otherwise prefer to dismiss as impossible.

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SECKER AND WARBURG

A NEGLECTED ICONOCLAST

Remy de Gourmont. Essai de biographie intellectuelle. Par GARNET REES. (Paris, Boivin, 45 *frs.*)

Nearly twenty-five years ago a war robbed Remy de Gourmont of the tributes which his death would naturally have claimed. At its outbreak he was writing his best. Between the lavender covers of the *Mercure de France* he had become an institution of more than national scope. But a time of vehement affirmations, when propaganda swamped dialectic, was not one for patiently appraising the apostle of the dissociation of ideas. The first stage towards a centenary now discovers the same conditions. They make Mr. Rees's essay the more opportune.

It has disadvantages, for easy reading, inseparable from a thesis which carries off a doctorate at the University of Paris. Yet the massed equipment of footnotes, the packed quotations and compressed argument clearly retrace a complicated journey in thought, if they do not build a portrait of the thinker. There is not likely to be a more thorough guide to Gourmont's mind, and as he lived a life devoted to its exercise, that is the gist of the matter.

The scanty biographical facts are given, however, and they are more important in Gourmont's case than a crowded succession of incident in another's. His birth near Coutances in 1868 placed his youth in the shadow of the purest Gothic. In 1890 his connection with the *Mercure* started. Next year, an article suggesting that Alsace and Lorraine were less valuable than Franco-German friendship, and repudiating chauvinist patriotism, caused his dismissal from the Bibliothèque Nationale and set him writing for a living. Shortly after, a tubercular lupus changed him from a handsome, sociable man of the world to a shockingly disfigured recluse. The rest of his life was divided between a few friends, of whom those reaching any depth of intercourse were still fewer, and the composition of some fifty volumes mainly of collected *Mercure* contributions, on varied themes.

His physical affliction, and its consequence in his hermetic existence, cannot be detached from the consideration of his work. It is reasonable to suspect a teacher of humanity who is cut off from contact with it. Mr. Rees, with a steady sense of proportion and a refusal of anecdote, points out that Gourmont at heart had always tended to contemplative solitude, and that the affair of his article, bringing the deprival of livelihood for an expression of opinion, did as much as disfigurement in developing a strain of misanthropy. Abnormal experience, indeed, made him shun the ideas as well as the persons of the crowd. It did not necessarily invalidate his judgment.

His situation most likely had its part in the blemishes on the first poems and novels. The Symbolist movement, in whose beginnings Mr. Rees has made most useful research, at once attracted Gourmont with its theory of the world as a mental representation. Here, ready waiting, was a literary formula that would give full play to his talent, without entailing his carving the "slice of life" of the Naturalists, or hunting through the meaner streets of Paris for the "human document." To hold aloof from reality and evoke a visionary universe entirely suited the habit to which he was condemned. But he was too ardent a disciple of his school.

His fantasy was over-studied; it lacked imaginative flame. The novels alternate between fevered eroticism and analysis that obliterates rather than clarifies. The poems are of a consummate verbal artifice, often majestic in rhythm, but still artifice. Gourmont's enclosed life did not provide him with

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enough material, or communicable emotion, for a successful creative artist at first hand. The more enduring productions of his symbolist period reveal that from the first his true bent lay in following the free movement of his spirit through a train of abstract ideas or through the work of others.

Le Latin Mystique, an examination of the Latin authors of the Middle Ages, inspired by Huysmans's praise of them in *A Rebours*, is largely compilation, but it displays Gourmont's method of saturating himself in his subject and relying on sensitiveness of taste to seize its essence. After very complete groundwork, instinct, and not rule, does the re-creating. Already *Le Latin Mystique* has some of his lasting characteristics, and the mysticism shot with pessimism, that he never deserted, pierces in the introduction.

> It is the literature of mysticism, whether one is a believer or not, it is that literature alone which is suited to our vast weariness; and for us, who envisage no future prospect which is not filled with misery, more and more certainly, more and more swiftly realised, there is a firm intention to confine ourselves to self-research and the investigation of those clouded dreams, god-sent or satanic, which appoint our anachronistic spirit as their meeting-place.

Except for "anachronistic," there is some prevision of Freud and surrealism.

The two series of *Livres des Masques*, surveying, in sketches of exquisite penetration, all the writers who counted in the movement, are Gourmont's *Ave atque vale* to the outward form of symbolism. Yet in a deeper sense he retained its doctrine, as he avowed long after:

> The symbolist imprint is a noble one, and for my part, I am most eager to bear it openly and even defiantly. . . . Symbolism constrains those who obey it to preserve their original contempt for all literature devoid of ideas and taste, lacking intelligence or the profound consciousness of life and its mystery. To remain a symbolist, after ten or fifteen years, is constantly to keep the early vow of guarding, in the face of those who degrade them, the pride and dignity of art.

The link was not snapped, but in the late nineties Gourmont grew from a minor symbolist to a first-rate critic, voluminous in output and all-embracing in theme. Avoiding both the academic system of Brunetière and the impressionism of Anatole France and Lemaître, he evolved what might be called a pointillist treatment. Infinite analysis, and infinite accretion of contributory elements in construction, constantly bring a freshness of idea to his page. And though he said himself that self-contradiction was necessary to escape boredom, and that instinct was the only critical touchstone, Mr. Rees disentangles certain views in which he was consistent. They all centre round his passion for individual liberty.

With this came his loathing of accepted ideas and tyrannous abstractions. He saw them as refuges for lazy thinking, that in the end become dangerous forces for repression. To combat them he preached his theory of dissociation—

> It is a matter of conceiving new connections between old ideas and old images, or of separating these old ideas and old images, falsified by tradition, and examining them one by one, with liberty to remould and unite them afresh, for some future operation to divide them again, thus working for the constant establishment, though it may be delicate and open to question, of new relationship between them.

This expresses a spirit that was in the air at the time. Mr. Rees shows that Théodule Ribot was applying it in psychology, and that J. S. Mill had already remarked to what an extent truths were the result of a need or a habit. Chamfort, admired by Gourmont, erects his *Maximes et Pensées* on a similar basis. But the thoroughness with which Gourmont, most in his *Epilogues*, pursues his aim to its end on such victims as glory, immortality, beauty, morality and love, gives him a particular right in its possession.

It is the phase of his multifarious activity that, outside France, attracted most attention. Mr. Rees speaks of him as nowadays a neglected writer. In his own country that seems to be the case, but a quarter of a century after death is usually a low point on the graph of reputation. Gourmont's disdain of irrelevancies and extraneous charm will never make him dislodge Sainte-Beuve as a critic. His dependence on current science, which in its essence is doomed to be superseded by each coming generation, has already put much of his philosophy out of date. But there is enough in his huge production to endure time's weeding with equanimity, and his salutary scepticism must again take its place among the medicines of the mind.

In England and America his influence has lasted longer, transmitted by Havelock Ellis and Messrs. Eliot, Huxley and Pound, who have all acknowledged indebtedness to him. It is to be hoped that when a fuller intellectual life can be resumed in the world, Mr. Arthur Ransome's translation of *A Night in the Luxembourg* will be reprinted here, and that of *The Horses of Diomedes*—I believe by Mr. Richard Aldington—exhumed from the files of the admirable but defunct *Egoist*.

T. W. EARP

A VARIETY OF WARS

Europe's Dance of Death. By G. T. GARRATT. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Nightmares Must End. By HESSELL TILTMAN. *Jarrolds.* 12s. 6d.

The Cassandras of this world have always had a thin time. They are unpopular when they prophecy woe, and by the time the disaster arrives, those who have disregarded their warnings are not anxious to be reminded of their shortsightedness. The original Cassandra was bumped off after her most annoyingly true forecast.

In this most readable and well informed book Mr. Garratt compares himself to Cassandra, but he should be saved from unpopularity because he is a man of action as well as a prophet of woe. He did what he could in Abyssinia and told us what its results would be. He played an admirable and energetic part in the Spanish struggle; while others moaned over the war, he evacuated children in lorries from Madrid. He did what he could to help the Czechs and was in Finland during its darkest period. His present book begins with an excellent section on pre-1914 Europe, goes on to discuss the failure of democracy in Britain and France, and its collapse in Germany, and then deals with the aggression of Mussolini and Hitler and the origins of the war. He is too sensible a thinker to generalise much about national character, but there is historical truth in the remark that:

> As soon as a war begins the English and Germans cease to understand each other, and I suspect that it is partly because the Englishman is enjoying something which he knows he ought to dislike, while the German is possibly finding rather irksome what he knows he ought to enjoy.

The world changes and with it the temporary manifestations called national character. I do not think this generalisation squares with the facts of present British and Nazi Germany.

Mr. Garratt was once a Civil Servant in India, but he is as honest with Indians as he is with other people. He sees that in India as at home the war offers an opportunity for solving problems which might otherwise be insoluble and he sees once again that our rulers are throwing away their opportunity. Mr. Garratt is only occasionally bitter; in view of his experiences in Abyssinia, Spain and Finland, he is remarkably restrained. Every day I meet people who say: "We have all been warning our rulers of what would happen year in and year out. Now, curse them, it has happened and we are all in the bloody mess together." The problem for Britain is to whom such people will turn when the mass of people understand that the Cassandras have been right.

Mr. Hessell Tiltman has been places and seen things even more widely than Mr. Garratt. Most of the experiences he records have been incidental to the life of a special correspondent to the *Daily Express*. Nearly half the book is devoted to descriptions of the war in Asia, which make our own affair in the West seem the "incident" which the Japanese always call their war in China. The most hardened will be horrified by the account of what Chinese civilians have been through at the hands of the Japanese and you may be surprised to learn from certain incidental stories how many adventures a foreign correspondent may undertake, not merely in the way of getting news but in the way of saving desperate people from destruction.

After China Mr. Tiltman went to Spain and was with Franco's troops when they began the final attack on Catalonia. He was thrown out of Franco's Spain before the climax, apparently because the *Daily Express* had not been wholly flattering to all the doings of Spanish fascism. Then he went to Turkey and found in Ataturk an ideal dictator. His stories of Kemal are as revealing as they are amusing. The best is the description of a diplomatic reception at which Ataturk, presumably a little drunk, kissed his partner, the wife of the French Ambassador in the middle of the drawing-room floor. The French Ambassador who was dining with the wife of the Belgian Ambassador had the wit and tact gravely to kiss his partner saying to the assembled company, "Why so bashful?" Only next morning when he saw the daily papers was Kemal informed of what he had done. Whereupon he called his car and went round to apologise to the French Ambassador and his wife before breakfast.

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Mr. Tiltman saw the destruction of Poland, and gives a fascinating picture of the lunatic courage of an army and a people who drank and sang and made love and boasted of their prowess without making a single effective preparation against the monstrous efficiency of the enemy whom they defied. The most unusual chapter in this book deals with the Ukraine. Mr. Tiltman adds something material to our knowledge of recent history when he describes, on the basis of first-hand interviews, the German plot to help a Ukrainian rising. Hitler destroyed the hopes he had raised when he made his pact with Stalin.

One wants more details and confirmation of this story. Not that one doubts Mr. Tiltman but merely that he is a breathless writer and one needs a book, instead of a chapter on this story, which does not, like the others, cover well-trodden ground. KINGSLEY MARTIN

JUST TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN

Hopousia, or the Sexual and Economic Foundations of a New Society. By J. D. UNWIN. With an Introduction by ALDOUS HUXLEY. Preface by Y. J. LUBBACK. *Allen and Unwin.* 21s.

In *Sex and Culture*, published in 1934, J. D. Unwin set out to prove that social energy depends upon sexual continuance. Sometimes the theory is expressed in a qualified way: certain kinds of repression lead to energy and ultimately to expansion. But in his present book the qualifications tend to disappear; for example (p. 92), "the group which inherited the sternest sexual regulations has dominated the other groups." Logically, therefore (though Unwin does not envisage this), expansions ought to have been led by a caste of celibates.

In *Hopousia* he performs a laboratory experiment. He takes a society such as ours, isolates it and injects energy into it (on the principles discovered in *Sex and Culture*), not in order to create a Utopia or imaginary paradise, but "just to see what will happen." Aldous Huxley in his introduction raises the objection that "an isolated society does not exist any more than does an isolated individual"; and he goes on to say that a great part of the energy of contemporary societies is devoted to war or preparation for war. "No scientific observer of human behaviour can afford to neglect this fact."

Unwin, however (this at any rate is my theory), would as soon have thought of carrying armfuls of muck from the Camberwell Road into his tidy Settlement study, as of putting war into this book. It is clear to me that his little hermetic world was elaborately constructed as an escape from reality, and that *Hopousia* should be read as a pendant to Franz Kafka's story, *Der Bau*.

Unwin's fundamental conceptions have been criticised by specialists. He attached paramount importance to the chastity of girls during the few years between puberty and marriage. The psychologists pointed out that character is largely determined by the experiences of the first five years of life, and that a few years of adult restriction could not have the sweeping effect that Unwin postulated. Again, the ethnologists naturally discovered that some of his information about the private lives of savages was incorrect. A general criticism that might be made is that his conception of social energy was somewhat narrow and conventional. He had his eye on showy territorial expansions and on the stock "golden periods" of literature and art; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that immense social energy can express itself in ritual and dancing. Thus on p. 92 he says that no "energetic society" has ever been "matriarchal" (which, strictly speaking, means that the dominant member of the family is the mother's brother). The fact that Malabar (the *locus classicus* of matriarchy) produced the *kathakali* dance-drama is entirely ignored. Yet surely the building up of a great traditional drama is a display of social energy equal to that of expanding a frontier or making a temple?

The importance of Unwin's first book (shared by the present work, which he left unfinished at the time of his death in 1936) is that it has some of the characteristics of a scripture. It is capable, as scriptures commonly are, of being interpreted in a number of different ways. Aldous Huxley speaks of Unwin's "plan of campaign against embattled evil and stupidity," regardless of the fact that the author refused to be considered a reformer and did not (p. 112) regard his test-tube construction as more "desirable" than the existing world. The Song of Solomon itself has not been interpreted more oddly or variously than *Sex and Culture*. Pacifists hailed it as a new gospel; but apart from a curious prejudice against head-hunting, Unwin nowhere condemns aggression. Orthodox churchmen frequently begged him to harangue them, despite the fact that he cared nothing for traditional morality, candidly protesting at his lectures that he was not concerned with right and wrong, but only with what would happen "if a society did resolve to display great energy."

Personally, I like his book and his conversation because they set me off thinking about many things I should never otherwise have thought of; for example, the chastity of Chingiz Khan's grandmother. But this was not all. It is stimulating and rare to meet, either in talk or books, with intense intellectual excitement. That Unwin lived in such a state is apparent in all that he wrote. ARTHUR WALEY

NEW NOVELS

Harvest. By JEAN GIONO. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Niels Peter. By WILLIAM HEINESEN. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.
The Trees. By CONRAD RICHTER. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
Portrait of Pamela. By JOAN HASLIP. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.
Pastoral Symphony. By ALDYTH WILLIAMS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Charley is My Darling. By JOYCE CARY. *Michael Joseph.* 9s.

The story of *Harvest* is about the renaissance of an abandoned village which stands on the high ground above Forcalquier in the Basses Alpes. With great delight Mr. Giono describes the return to sanity of the only person left in the village, the hard abandoned ground being cut by the plow again, the coming of young people with children, and finally the beginning of a new life in the body of a woman. He writes with such an abundant love of that fantastically beautiful country and so successfully creates its colour, smell, and aspect that the book cannot be recommended too highly to those who have succumbed to the dusty enchantment of the Durance valley. Those who are unlucky enough not to know that part of the world will enjoy the book in any case because of the serene quality which is given to the writing by its contentment with things of a real daily life. It is the expression, in language which is beautiful and moving, of the spirit that holds cultivators to their ground and leads them to love it in a way which has nothing to do with patriotism: a combination of love for the home acres with the satisfaction of creation. The values are obscure and the people who hold them tend to be uncommunicative; it is difficult enough to explain what it is that is so comfortable about a field well prepared for sowing, land in good heart, good husbandry, and what it is that makes desirable an occupation in which the reward of hard work is more hard work. By a brilliant piece of writing, entirely free from the tricks of the virtuoso, Mr. Giono makes the power of the attraction plain and brings the values home to the reader. If the book were not profound about peasants it would remain a charming story; it is as it stands a rich work of art and an unqualified success. The book has been remarkably well translated from the French by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers.

Niels Peter is a Danish novel and the action takes place in the Faroes. The story is concerned with many of the elements in *Harvest*, although here it is not a matter of reclaiming land but of breaking new ground. The men who invade the desolate sheep-walks to make them fertile are impelled by the desire to own their land and to be their own masters; the book is an account of their long battle with the thin soil, the boulders rolling from the cliffs, and the hard Atlantic. The writing is conspicuously lacking in the Latin graces but in its matter-of-fact and rambling manner it builds up the picture it sets out to create. It is, however, a subject picture of the Frith sort and it cannot possibly be recommended to anyone incurious as to life on the Faroe Islands; the book fails to achieve the universality of *Harvest*.

The extremely primitive conflict between the hunter and the cultivator is the theme of *The Trees*; the story is of the early days of the westward movement of the American people when the hunters moved into the forest after the game which the settlers had scared away. Worth Luckett moves across the Ohio with his family into the virgin forest and abandons them there when he is drawn on by the stories of the huge rivers and the herds of bison farther west. His family grow up torn between the wilderness and the clearings, the children becoming actually hostile to each other, the partisans of the forest hating the ringing axes and the crash of the falling trees as fiercely as the settlers hate the shiftlessness and uncertainty of the hunters. One forgets how many of these elementary conflicts were present in American history; the hunter-farmer struggle was fought between whites as well as between Indians and whites, white nomads were slowly smothered by white cultivators, and so on. The westward movement was accompanied by a failure of government comparable to the breakdown of the Roman empire, and the reappearance of these conflicts was a sign that the society was starting again from scratch. The American people again and again chose the solutions that led to the creation of a European civilisation. It is reassuring at this moment to be reminded of the vitality our culture has displayed when faced with the temptations of anarchy and disorder. The book is a skilful account of a fascinating and unfamiliar situation.

Miss Haslip's novel has for its central figure the daughter of that futile and odious conspirator, Madame de Genlis, and the Duke of Orleans. The wretched and beautiful Pamela was used as a mascot in shady Orleanist intrigues, being at various times exhibited to the public in the middle of riots and prostituted to Mirabeau, until it became plain that the Republicans were going to win the day. Then she was allowed to seek refuge in England, but England had very little sympathy for the illegitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité, who had voted for his brother's death, and she married into the Irish backwater, no doubt in the hope of finding peace there. Ireland being what it is, however, her happiness did not last long, for her husband was a leader of the United Irishmen, and after he had murdered a sheriff's officer she was expelled from the country. Miss Haslip invests her characters with life, and the historical tableaux are exciting if not altogether plausible. She seems to accept Madame de Genlis's view of the importance of her ridiculous intrigues with the politically neg-

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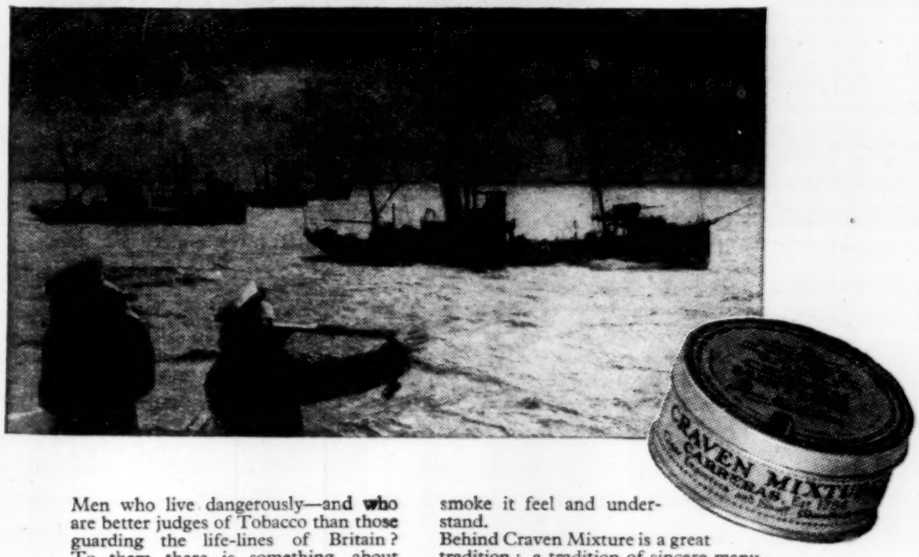

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ligible *Illuminati*, and the conception of the role of the Freemasons in Revolutionary France is fantastic; one feels also that the occupants of the Palais Royal were both less likeable and less important than they are here made out to be. But history and historical novels have little to do with each other and the book must be considered a success in its field.

For a moment it appeared that Miss Williams's new novel was called *Don't be Deceived by Bulk*, a challenging and arresting title, but further examination of the typographical splendours of its jacket showed that it was in fact *Pastoral Symphony*. It is a pleasant, slightly overwritten, sketch concerned with the difficulties of a High Church Vicar taking over a parish used to the easy ways of a Broad incumbent. It is nicely done but it gets one nowhere in particular; the young Vicar is something of a prig and his difficulties come down to awkwardness in coping with his social inferiors. *Charley is My Darling* is an anecdote about a delinquent evacuee child which is hamstrung by the same class alarm that vitiates *Pastoral Symphony*, the brilliant writing is made futile by the genteel attitude towards the London children—real horror of these lousy sub-humans.

ANTHONY WEST

WHAT A LIFE!

Unsentimental Journey. By NORA CUNDELL. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Life I Have Loved. By CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Those Days. By E. C. BENTLEY. *Constable.* 12*s.*

A Ring at the Door. By GEORGE SAVA. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

My Days of Strength. By ANNE FEARN. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It's a Woman's Business. By ESTELLE HAMBURGER. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Across the Busy Years. By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. *Scribners.* $3.75

In this mixed company of people who have all lived to some purpose, and are justified in thinking that their experiences are worth putting on record, Miss Nora Cundell stands out as the author who has tackled the difficult task of selection with the most success. She is at an advantage in being an artist to whom the task is familiar, and in having restricted herself to one episode in her life. She tells the story of a journey she made to Arizona, driving herself there from New York in a 100 dollar Ford, of her adventures on the Navajo Indian Reservation where she stayed twelve months with a family of traders, and of a trip later to Palm Springs and other sophisticated playgrounds in Southern California. Her easy, sprightly style has the great merit of being idiosyncratic. If one has never had the good fortune to visit the strange fantastic country of the Grand Canyon this book is some compensation for having been denied sights which have no like in the world, unbelievable, indeed, until one has seen them, and perhaps even then. The word "unbelievable" occurs again and again in Miss Cundell's descriptions of the landscape. They are not at all unbelievable. The minute accuracy of Miss Cundell's observation is manifest in every line.

> Strange purple, blue and crimson hills like mounds of coloured velvet . . . deep canyons and gray and yellow cliffs, fluted so that they resemble the pipes of an organ . . . great piles of smooth, enormous boulders that look as a heap of pebbles must to an ant. . . . Whole sections of tree trunks petrified solidly into the most unbelievable colours lay where they had fallen millions of years ago. In some places the sand was so thickly strewn with pieces of jasper—red, golden, indigo—that it was like some vast mosaic.

There is no literary nonsense about that. Give me a painter to describe Sights! To her verbal pictures Miss Cundell has added reproductions of the drawings and paintings she made on her journey. Mindful of her dislike of any talk about art, I will say no more than that the illustrations are as fascinating as the text.

Mr. Ivor Novello wrote his foreword to his mother's autobiography before he had read it. He explains that he did not wish to throw the cold water of criticism on "something that has been such a labour of love." I suggest that a bucket or two might have been beneficial, perhaps have hardened Mrs. Davies to make drastic cuts in her profuse reminiscences. There is a great deal to be said for scanting excess before we surfeit in autobiography as in other forms of literature. Mrs. Davies makes a good start with an interesting account of her Welsh antecedents. Her great-grandfather, William Evans, was a famous Revivalist preacher. "What would I not give to show my soul in my voice as that man does," said Samuel Phelps after listening to one of Evans' impassioned sermons. Her father was a musician. As he listened, entranced, to the great soprano, Clara Novello, he made up his mind that if he ever had a daughter, he would give her that name. "I hope I have to some extent vindicated his choice, though I have always been more interested in making other voices beautiful than in using my own." It was as a teacher of singing, and as the first woman conductor (of the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, which she founded fifty years ago), that Clara Novello Davies became famous. Now people talk of her as "Ivor Novello's mother," not at all to her mortification. She is revealed in this book as a generous, enthusiastic and energetic woman who has always looked at the world through rose-coloured spectacles. Hardly a person is mentioned who is not dear, clever, lovely, splendid, entrancing. No wonder that she has found her life "ideal," and loved every moment of it.

Mr. E. C. Bentley writes with the practised pen of the professional man of letters. Yes, I believe he did use a pen, not a typewriter which is rapidly making real writing a lost art. People who have read *Trent's Last Case*, *Biography for Beginners*, and other Bentley classics will expect a great deal of *Those Days*, and they will not be disappointed. The title refers to days which began in the 'eighties and ended with the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. All autobiographies are necessarily egotistical, but this one less than most. Mr. Bentley has used his personal history chiefly to illustrate the history of a period. Whether he is describing his experiences at school, at Oxford, at the bar, in Fleet Street, in France, in Germany, he shows us what was characteristic of the period, pointing out the sharp contrast between those days and these. His character sketches of the men of the period are brilliant. His most intimate friend, Chesterton, has inspired more than one: Chesterton as a schoolboy at St. Paul's, Chesterton as a journalist, Chesterton as a poet. "This friend of all men, and respecter of every honest opinion, had among his foremost qualities an enormous intellectual pugnacity: for the love of his kind involved for him the intolerance of wrong, of error, of the abuse of power or influence." There is some excuse for the people who assumed with confidence when *Biography for Beginners* was first published that G. K. C. and "E. Clerihew" were one and the same person. Bentley, or Clerihew, has many Chestertonian qualities. The name Clerihew, which "those who happened to be listening heard bestowed on me at my christening," is now indissolubly associated with the comic verse form Bentley originated. In the chapter about this "schoolboyish enterprise," he quotes a Clerihew by his son which won a prize in a competition in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION:

> Mr. Cecil B. de Mille
> Sorely against his will
> Was persuaded to leave Moses
> Out of the Wars of the Roses.

If this were a competition, I should divide the first prize between Mr. Bentley and Miss Cundell.

Having always been under the impression that the seal of the consulting-room is as inviolable as the seal of the confessional, I was startled by the frankness with which Dr. Sava discusses case histories in *A Ring at the Door*. He tells us that one of his patients, an actress who sought his advice about being rejuvenated by the Voronoff method, was delighted when she heard her case was going to be included in his new book, so I presume that the others authorised him to include theirs. They are all interesting, psychologically as well as surgically, but one has an uncomfortable feeling that one is listening at the door to private conversations.

The story of Dr. Fearn is the story of a valiant woman's battle against ignorance, superstition, filth and disease in China, a country in which, despite its ancient civilisation, these evils are particularly rampant. It was fought with an energy which won Dr. Fearn the nickname of the "Small Typhoon" from the people of Soochow, the scene of her first campaign. "The ignorance of sanitation is beyond belief. . . . The fetid canals are still used for every conceivable purpose; they wash the rice in them, and empty the slops in them. . . . It frequently seemed to me that the continued existence of the Chinese was nothing short of a miracle, explainable only by the theory of germ saturation." One thing essential to my enjoyment of an autobiography is that I should like the writer. I like Dr. Fearn. I admire her single-mindedness. Even on her wedding-day she went on with her medical work as usual. She is among those who have before their eyes continuously "quelque saint labeur" to which everything else must be sacrificed. The Small Typhoon lived up to that name one morning when the daily Bible reading with which her husband insisted on their beginning each day clashed with a Caesarean operation. "Springing up tempestuously, I cried: 'I can't bear it! I can't bear it! I wish I'd never seen the damned thing!' And flinging the Bible on the floor, I rushed out straight to the operating-room."

Miss Estelle Hamburger's autobiography is not my cup of tea. The history and development of fashion advertising, with which it is mainly concerned, does not seem to me of much consequence. Beginning as temporary secretary to the General Manager of Macy's, Miss Hamburger found her vocation in the advertising department. She is now executive vice-president of Jay Thorpe's, one of America's most exclusive stores for women. A store, she claims, "can develop a personality as definite and definable as a human personality" through "autobiographical, psychoanalyticalf self-characterising Advertising." Millions o, dollars are spent on it. This "success story" proves that at advertising the Americans have us beat.

The best way to give some idea of the character of Mr. Butler's reminiscences in a few lines is to quote this passage from them. "In looking back across the busy years, it is plain that both their interest, and whatever importance these years may be thought to possess are due to the fact that they have been so largely occupied with ideas and policies of public interest." The President of Columbia University disdains to include anything "narrowly personal." Anyone who is ill-informed about American politics, and not content to be, could not do better than read this massive book.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

If Germany Attacks. By CAPTAIN G. C. WYNNE. *Faber. 12s. 6d.*

The title of this book is misleading: Captain Wynne describes in detail the development of the German theory and practice of defensive war on the Western Front in 1914–18. But the book lives up to its title by the light it throws on war to-day, when we are watching German attacks carried out on principles developed originally from this defensive theory and practice. Captain Wynne describes the German defences of 1915 and early 1916: rigid, immobile, "hold at all costs" stuff, with the front lines heavily garrisoned and few defences behind these lines. Then through the initiative of young officers possessed of imagination (and of a high staff officer, Colonel Lossberg, whose practice it was to be more often in the front line than is usual for such people) the Germans developed a method of elastic defence, arranged in great depth. This method was based upon counter-attack, not on rigid resistance. The Germans found this method economical in lives; we found it disastrous to our attempts to advance. On these defensive principles the Germans have built their Siegfried Line; and from these principles they also developed their doctrine of attack, the doctrine of infiltration. The book, while technical, is so well written that no civilian will find it too difficult. It is not, however, comforting reading, for Captain Wynne by implication rather than by direct statement makes clear the wide gap between reality and the received ideas of the British army.

Week-end Competitions

No. 534

Set by Raymond Mortimer

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best set of three clerihews on the names of novelists.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by Friday, May 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 532

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for epitaphs each in the form of a rhyming couplet, on any three of the following: (1) a nurse, (2) a solicitor, (3) an air raid warden, (4) a doctor, (5) a preacher, (6) a plumber, (7) a best seller, (8) a telephone operator, (9) an official.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

There was a large number of entries for this lugubrious competition and most competitors produced at least one passable epitaph. The difficulty was to find a good set of three. Most of the entries were sardonic and one or two most sinister. But I was very surprised that in this feast of bitterness no one had a bad word to say for the sergeant-majors of the bedside. Nurses appear to be our soft spot. The worst I could find was Richard Pomfret's: "She lifted up her head and sighed, 'Take out this swab,' and so she died." The doctors and, of course, the preachers, aroused very conventional irony. The best came from Dr. S. R. Mackay: "Patient awhile here pause and then reflect: How oft the cause is swallowed in effect."

I don't know whether Mr. Allan M. Laing's lines in an Air Raid Warden are suitable for the tombstone but they voice a widespread suspicion for the first time:

Death swooped on him and proved a private hunch;
The warden's gas-mask case was full of lunch.

And Gragge celebrates the humiliation which I believe is felt by all our Air Raid Wardens with:

Here rests the rest of Mr. Drover
Who passed, before the raiders, over.

Mr. Kenneth C. Anderson has hit upon another humiliation:

I never dreamt it might be me—
"Contaminated Casualty."

Here is an assortment of other amusing entries.

PLUMBER

No tools nor mate can now distress
Such absolute forgetfulness.
(Osmond Midgley)

Water he loved; and now he's had his fling,
He Drinks, who never Dammed, th' Eternal Spring. (Kate Blackie)

Beneath this mould, he finds a rest well-earned
The Master-Plumber for his tool returned.
(C. F. Best)

Here lies a Plumber. Faithful to his kind
A wife and children he now leaves behind.
(S. M. Groves)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

How did she, deaf and dumb to all,
Manage to answer this last call?
(Osmond Midgley)

Here lies Miss Switch, aged twenty-seven:
Cut off from Earth: put through to Heaven.
("Little Billee")

The golden voice is still—now all bells toll
Her number's up, God rest her t-r-r-roubled soul. (C. F. Best)

OFFICIAL

When death was hinted, Mr. Smith grew warm
And asked for notice on the proper form.
(Towanbucket)

With Forms in hand he nears the Gate and Keys;
Receive him, Peter . . . and acknowledge, please. (W. H. Gillman)

SOLICITOR

He had to read Death's summons soon or late,
So charged the offertory 6/8. (E. F. C.)

Death struck the blow; and Charon, swift to see,
Has for his last conveyance claimed the fee.
(S. M. Groves)

BEST SELLER

Behold, dear reader, in this quiet ground,
The only decent plot he ever found.
(Frank Buckland)

This seemed to me one of those unhappy competitions in which one has to infuriate the competitors by pooling the prizes. I assure competitors it hurts me more than it does them and after much agony I concluded that J. C. B. Date, C. F. Best and Mrs. R. B. Calder should share.

ON A PREACHER

He used to praise the after-life a lot;
Now he knows whether he was right or not.

ON A SOLICITOR

To serve the *Law* for years he laboured hard;
The *Profits*, too, he did not disregard.

ON AN AIR RAID WARDEN

Oh, envy him his chance to try his hand
At putting out the fires of Hell with sand!
J. C. B. DATE

A SOLICITOR

Beneath this stone, resigned unto the Will,
Tunkett, of Clunk and Tunkett, lies here still.

AN AIR RAID WARDEN

Black-outs he loved—he'd brook no gleam of light.
Will he find bliss There—where there is no night?

A TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Death's "TOL" took one we loved with "TRU" affection
The Hand of "TIM" has brought her disconnection. C. F. BEST

A SOLICITOR

While yet he lived, his clients mourned their loss,
Then, for the Crown, he had to bear his cross!

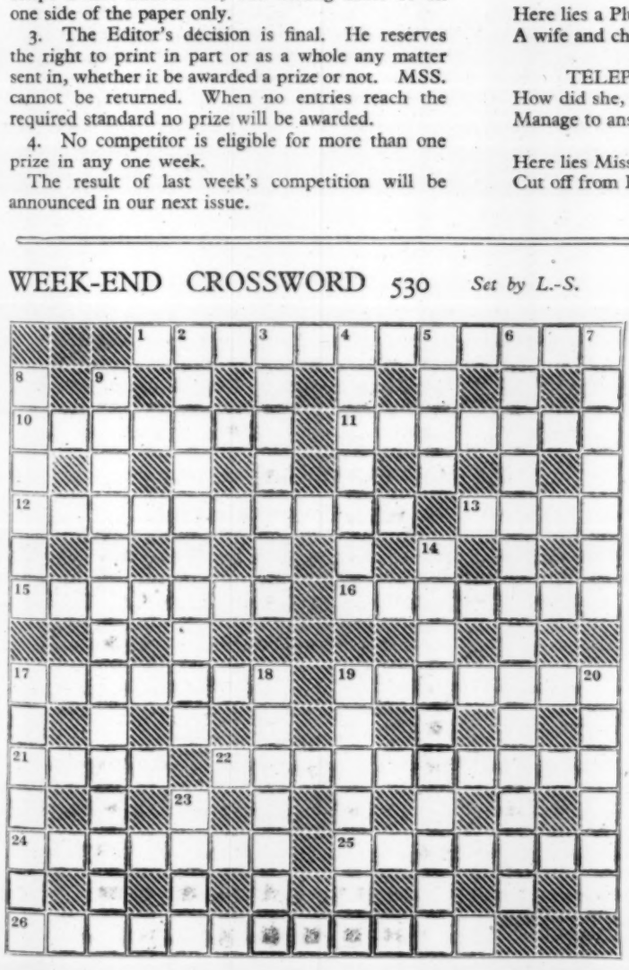
AN AIR RAID WARDEN

To what avail now, should the sirens sound,
Our warden's in his refuge underground!

AN OFFICIAL

When Peter asked his presence at the Gate,
He answered, "Please apply in Triplicate!"
"T. WADDLE"

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 530 *Set by L.-S.*



ACROSS

1. They often bear roses.
10. Bad place for the Jews.
11. An old safe deposit, humanly speaking.
12. Not provided on the stand outside.
13. Not even steps are involved in this.
15. Banter?
16. It would be a rash cat that would lurk there.
17. The dictators were brought to such a pass.
19. This is not a fixture in the house.
21. Bill has him for a partner.
22. The opposite of painstaking.
24. One Amen completes it.
25. The clan embraces three-quarters of 21.
26. Its branches would be sky high.

DOWN

2. Just a D.
3 (rev.). The others were fed.
4. I'd one anna in America.
5. With the wind behind for Reading.
6. Gardeners' uncomplimentary term for New World influence?
7. Provides digs for children.
8 (rev.). Piquant tail pieces.
9. Where Dr. Johnson aired his views.
14. An old hunting song.
17. Its Duke is heir to a throne.
18. What a forgetful witness may sometimes do to his memory.
19. One walks with it in Malaya.
20. Goes round the bed.
23. A couple of senseless blows, perhaps, for the Lord High Executioner.

Last week's winner: D. Garbutt, 20 Colston Drive, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	■	T	E	N	N	I	S	R	A	C	K	E	T	■
■	■	H	O	■	N	■	U	■	I	■	V	■	■	■
T	H	E	L	O	O	K	I	N	G	G	L	A	S	S
A	■	J	■	K	■	S	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	O
L	O	U	T	S	■	T	O	P	D	R	A	W	E	R
P	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	T
A	L	G	E	B	R	I	S	T	■	T	O	G	A	S
■	■	L	■	O	■	N	■	I	■	T	■	O	■	■
I	N	E	R	M	■	S	I	M	M	E	R	I	N	G
N	■	■	■	B	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	R
D	R	E	S	S	E	D	U	P	■	R	E	P	P	U
I	■	S	■	H	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	N
G	A	R	D	E	N	O	F	E	N	G	L	A	N	D
O	■	A	■	L	■	O	■	C	■	O	■	C	■	Y
■	A	P	P	L	E	P	I	E	O	R	D	E	R	■

NOTE:—Bombshell = bombs he'll

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THE NEW FIXED-EQUITIES—HOME RAILWAYS AND DIVIDEND LIMITATION

THE misguided enthusiasm in the gilt-edged market over the Budget should not last long. How such a difference between expenditure and revenue as £1,432 millions could be met by "borrowing from the genuine savings of the people" was not clear even to the most fanatical believer in the voluntary system of lending, even if generous allowances are made for savings on depreciation and renewals and for requisitioning of capital in dollars. If and when the wages-inflation bogy begins to reappear the gilt-edged market will quickly take fright. But I cannot understand the reason for fright in the equity markets. It is true that Sir John Simon's plan for the limitation of equity dividends—so vaguely expressed in his Budget speech—was singularly inept and inequitable in application. Some companies which were depressed in the standard period (30th June, 1936, to 1st July, 1939) will now have to reduce their dividends, while others which were prosperous then and are now recovering gradually from wartime dislocation will be able to increase them. (It is by no means certain that the sum total of cash dividends distributed will be prevented from rising.) This is an upsetting factor in the market, making the investor exchange from one share to another in the same class or group in order to offset loss of income or to gain an increase. Many investors may score an increase in income, and even if there is not much change on balance, Sir John has gone out of his way to increase the commissions (and spending) of stockbrokers. But apart from the "switching" which will be called for by absurdities in the incidence of an ill-thought-out scheme, why should the Stock Exchange regard dividend limitation as a "bear" point for equity shares? If a sound equity share is to become for the duration of the war virtually a fixed-interest stock, it should be valued on a fixed-interest yield basis. In other words, if its yield is attractive relative to the long-term rate of interest and the yield on preference shares, it should be bought, not sold.

* * *

Here are some examples of the new type of interesting fixed-equity share:

	"Ceiling" Div. %	Present Div. %	Price	Current Gross Div. Yield %
Brit. Aluminium £1 ...	12.5	12.5	50/-	£5 0 0
Imp. Chemical £1 ...	8.5	8.0	31/3	£5 2 6†
Imp. Tobacco £1 ...	20.5 net*	23.0 net	5¾	£6 8 0
Rhokana £1	62.5	50.0	10	£6 0 0†

* Tax free equivalent of 25 per cent. net with tax at 4/9.
† Equivalent gross after allowing for reduced rate of tax.

The "ceiling" dividend represents the highest dividend paid in the standard period. When there is room for an increase, as in the case of Rhokana (large) and Imperial Chemical (small), the shares are the more appealing. In the case of Imperial Tobacco there will have to be a cut in the dividend to reach the "ceiling." My argument is that when a margin of 1½ per cent. can be obtained from sound fixed-equity shares over the 3½ per cent. yield on Government long-dated stocks, the institutional investor will buy them. And when the margin is 2½ per cent. or more, they should be run after—particularly Rhokana, which can increase its dividend so largely.

* * *

The new dividend rule will, of course, cause a dislike of certain equity shares. For example, Marks and Spencer, which can no longer issue bonus shares, has been sold heavily, some sellers exchanging into Woolworths. Carreras, which paid a capital bonus of 50 per cent. in 1937/38 (October), will have to reduce its last dividend, which was 30 per cent., because that was paid in respect of a financial year ending after July 1st, 1939. Their "ceiling" dividend is now 22.5 per cent. and the £1 A shares which have fallen to 4⅞ can yield only 4.8 per cent. Development companies can appeal to the Treasury for special dividend treatment, but, for example, Ashanti will have to cut its dividend, and London Tin 4*s.* shares at 3*s.* 9*d.* which have a "ceiling" of 7 per cent. (unless revised) look dear in comparison with British Tin Investment 10*s.* shares at 14*s.* 9*d.* with a "ceiling" of 15 per cent. Sir John Simon could not have devised a more mischievous dividend plan.

The application of dividend limitation to the Home Railways has created perhaps the most absurd anomaly of all. The companies are presumably allowed to take as their standard either the highest ordinary stock dividend distributed in 1936-1939 or an amount equal to 4 per cent. on their ordinary stock. The highest ordinary dividends distributed by the railways in the standard dividend period were 4 per cent. by Great Western, 1½ per cent. by Southern on its deferred ordinary, 1½ per cent. by L.M.S. on its ordinary stock, and 1¾ per cent. by L.N.E.R. on its 4 per cent. 2nd preference stock. Thus, under either rule, 4 per cent. is the highest dividend any home railway can pay during the war period. Yet under the recent Government agreement Great Western can earn and pay 8.1 per cent. from the railway pool, L.M.S. 8.1 per cent., L.N.E.R. 5 per cent. on its preferred ordinary and 4.7 per cent. on its deferred ordinary, and Southern only 3.2 per cent. on its deferred ordinary. Thus Sir John Simon has committed the absurdity of inviting Southern to pay 4 per cent. on its deferred ordinary although the railway pool will only allow 3.2 per cent., and of not allowing Great Western to pay more than 4 per cent. although the railway pool will allow 8 per cent.

Perhaps it was just as well to bring back a clearer sense of reality into the home railway market. The potential 8 per cent. earnings were always a long way off and if we now assume that the railway pool may rise in a long war from £41 millions (the minimum Government guarantee) to, say, £49½ millions, we arrive at the following results:

	Potential Earnings %	Maximum Dividend %	Current Price	Yield % on Max. Div.
G.W. ord. ...	6.6	4.0	44⅜	9.12
L.M.S. ord. ...	4.3	4.0	21¼	18.82
L.N.E. 2nd pref.	4.0	4.0	20	20.0
Southern def....	3.2	3.2	20¼	10.86

As Great Western earns 3.3 per cent. on the Government guarantee and should now be earning its maximum dividend of 4 per cent. it is entitled to stand on the lowest yield basis in the railway equity market. But speculators who feel bullish about railway earnings will now be forced out of Great Western and Southern into L.M.S. ordinary and L.N.E. second preference.

Company Meetings

UNITED MOLASSES CO.

THE fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the United Molasses Company, Ltd., was held in London on April 26th.

Mr. F. K. Kielberg (Chairman and Managing Director) said (in part):—

All the Company's tankers are safe and continue to render invaluable services under the direction of the Ministry of Shipping.

Final agreements have not yet been reached with the Ministry of Supply and Ministry of Shipping. I am satisfied, however, that the amounts included in the accounts as being due err, if anything, on the conservative side.

The outlook for the Company's international business has not been improved by recent developments on the Continent, and with the reopening of navigation on the St. Lawrence River our Canadian subsidiary will increasingly feel the handicap of the withdrawal of the Company's tankers from the trade between the British West Indies and Canada. Nevertheless, in spite of the many handicaps and uncertainties facing the Company in consequence of the war, the present outlook, taking the Company's activities as a whole, does not appear unfavourable. In regard to the prospects for the latter part of the current year, it would be foolhardy to attempt to prophesy, but estimates of trading results since January 1st show that present earnings are at a rate which, if maintained, will amply cover the established annual rate of dividend.

Agency remuneration due from the Ministry of Supply for the period from January 1st to the present date represents less than 20 per cent. of the Company's estimated total earnings for this period.

At a time when the country is fighting for its very life, it is distasteful to have to discuss profits arising out of dealings for and on behalf of the Government, and I mention these figures merely to put on record how modest the remuneration is that the Company is receiving for the services rendered to, and the large and world-wide facilities placed at the disposal of, the Ministry. I am convinced that most stockholders will be glad to hear that the remuneration for these services is so very modest, and that it will mean much more to them to know that the Company, to the best of its ability, is making its contribution to the national effort and that it is better equipped than ever before to do so.

In conclusion, the Chairman paid tribute to the men serving in the Company's fleet and in His Majesty's Forces.

The Report was unanimously adopted, and the final dividend of 5⅝ per cent., less tax, as well as a cash distribution of 10 per cent., free of income tax, was approved.

EQUITY AND LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

THE Annual General Meeting of Equity and Law Life Assurance Society was held at the Society's offices, 20 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

The Right Hon. Sir Dennis Herbert, K.B.E., M.P. (the chairman), presiding, said (in part):—

The consequences so far as the Society is concerned of the abnormal conditions of the last 12 months have been a sharp decline in new business done, and further depreciation in investments.

Our net rate of interest earned last year was £3 16*s.* 3*d.* per cent. As in the case of most offices this is less than that of the preceding year, largely on account of the increase in income-tax.

Our mortality experience during the year was very satisfactory; the favourable mortality in respect of life assurances, even when compared with up-to-date mortality tables, indicates a careful selection of lives.

We have added £400,000 to the £100,000 investment reserve, which we now call the mortgage and investment reserve, making a total of £500,000. In recent years we have carried forward a surplus of profits without placing any of it to any reserve fund; but in these times your directors have thought it well to earmark this amount as a reserve.

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENTS

On December 31st the depreciation was nearly £1,900,000—as compared with nearly £1,150,000 at the end of 1938—and this increase may, I think, be fairly put down to the war and conditions immediately preceding the outbreak of war. I am happy to be able to tell you that according to a valuation made about a fortnight ago the depreciation was then reduced by about £500,000.

It would be more than rash to hazard any opinion as to the conditions which may be existing at the end of this year. Prudence may well lead your directors to carry forward the whole of what would otherwise be surplus available for distribution, or to use it in writing down values of our assets. This would mean a substantial reduction in the rate of dividend on the Society's shares, and the temporary suspension of bonuses allotted to the with-profit policies.

In the case of all the men of our staff serving with the Forces we are making up to them the difference between the pay they are receiving and their salaries, and are as far as possible keeping, and intending to keep, their positions open for them.

We have devised new and, we think, attractive schemes to suit the particular circumstances of the present time, and at least two of these schemes will be placed on the market almost immediately.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

EAGLE STAR INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Eagle Star Insurance Company, Limited, was held in London on April 29th.

Sir Edward M. Mountain, Bt. (chairman and managing director), presided and said (in part):

During the year 2,324 new life policies were issued for £5,891,684 gross. Of this amount £55,807 was reassured and £5,835,877 retained. Practically the whole of our new life business was transacted in the United Kingdom. The combined life and annuity funds now stand at £15,330,878, an advance of over £218,000 during the year. At the close of the year the sinking fund and capital redemption fund amounted to £858,821, being £73,000 in excess of the previous year.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

The premium income was £841,682, an increase of £33,218. The incurred loss ratio was 40.70 per cent. and commission and expense ratio was reduced to 50.50 per cent., with a profit of £60,842.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

The premium income from ordinary personal accident and sickness insurance amounted during the year to £82,450.

In addition to our ordinary year to year premium income in this department, for many years we have received premiums on special contracts which expired at the close of each year's account. These special contracts were composed chiefly of newspaper insurances. During the year the newspapers decided to cancel their free insurance to readers, and there has consequently been a considerable reduction in this item in the current account, the premiums received during the year amounting to only £6,281.

The claims payments during the year were £41,420. After providing for outstanding claims and the usual reserve for unexpired risks of 40 per cent. of the premium income, there is a profit of £18,077 to transfer to profit and loss account.

GENERAL INSURANCE ACCOUNT

The general insurance account deals with the various miscellaneous classes of accident business, other than motor insurance, not included in the accident and employers' liability accounts. The premium income has again shown an increase and now stands at £511,509. The account has again given excellent results and, after payment of claims totalling £180,990, and providing the usual reserve of 40 per cent. in respect of unexpired risks, £100,234 is carried to the profit and loss account.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Petrol restrictions and increased cost of car taxation are responsible for a decrease in the income of this department from £1,607,231 in 1938 to £1,573,584 in 1939. Claims paid and outstanding amount to £887,555, and profit to £19,882.

MARINE BUSINESS

We brought forward £318,108, and our net premium amounts to £426,899, together £745,007, against which we have settled for the year 1939 and previous years, £174,184. The expenses of management, including taxes, amount to £64,029. After having transferred £25,000 to the profit and loss account, the marine fund amounts to £481,793.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The amount brought forward last year was £402,134. Interest earnings, plus fixed fees and credits from various departments, amount to £608,327, together producing a total on the credit side of £1,010,461. After providing for the dividends, expenses of management not charged to other accounts, taxes, office equipment, bad debts, writing off an item of £41,748, expenses of air-raid precautions, balance carried forward is £493,364. The carry forward in profit and loss during the last two years has been increased by approximately £200,000.

INVESTMENT RESERVE

We have transferred £350,000 from our contingencies account to investment reserve, which now stands at £650,000 and is more than sufficient to provide for the difference between the values at which these securities stand in our books and the market values at the end of the year. The heavy depreciation the last three years has been fully provided for each year without touching our general reserve of two and a half million pounds. The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THACKERAY HOTEL. OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic. 7289.

ASK for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD. P.R.H.A., LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

NEW FOREST. The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge. Peaceful surroundings. H. & C. Riding.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Comfort. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

VEGETARIAN balanced diet. Sunny, peaceful house. From 2 guineas. KATHLEEN GARRETT, Bury, Sussex.

BEACON Cottage. Aston Rowant, Oxford. For Whitsun. Good food, lovely country. Tel.: Kingston Blount 219.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. YOUNG, Stonehenge, Chale.

SPRING FESTIVAL at Thaxted. Spend Whitsuntide at the Priory, a beautiful XVI century house. 12s. 6d. a day.

PERFECT PEACE. Vi-spring beds. Home produce. Mod. conv.. 14th c. manor farm. Upper Quinton, Stratford-on-Avon,

17TH CENTURY GUEST HOUSE. Divan beds. Fitted basins. Books. Excellent cooking. Lovely surroundings. Direct London coach service. Hughenden, Goudhurst, Kent. Tel. 88.

SAFE, happy holidays in Sandy Balls Wood, w. edge New Forest. Furnished chalets. Camp sites. Provision store. Ideal for children. Apply leaflet. E. HARROD, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING. Delightful, quiet position facing Downs: h. & c. all rooms. Tel.: Hassocks 146.

SUNBATHING Guest House, every conv., own seashore, safe bathing, tennis. N.S., Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

CORNWALL. To let, holidays or period, furnished cottages overlooking sea between St. Ives and Lands End. Grand spot. Bathing coves. Moorland walks. Terms and photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

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2ND FAREWELL. Goodbye, New Statesmen, and thank you. I have enjoyed taking some of your portraits and I hope you have been satisfied with my work (if you weren't you didn't have to pay) and entertained by my advertisements. These regular insertions are now stopping, thanks to my registration and the subsequent uncertainties. ANTHONY PANTING, Photographer, 5 Paddington Street, W.1. WEL. 4950. All postal enquiries will be attended to.

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